THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

VOL. XIV. NO. 48. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1895.—FOURTEENTH YEAR. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

DIED FOR LIBERTY!

The Irish Nationalists of Chicago Honor the Memory of Allen, Larkin and O'Brien

At a Large and Enthusiastic Meeting Held in Central Music Hall Last Saturday Night,

And Give Hearty Indorsement to the Principles of the Irish National Alliance.

Mr. Matthew P. Brady Was the Chairman of the Great Meeting.

The Oration of the Evening Delivered by Mr. Clarence S. Darrow.

A large and enthusiastic audience of Irish men and women asembled last Saturday evening at Central Music Hall, to celebrate the twenty-eighth anniversary of the execution of Allen, Larkin and O'Brien, the Manchester Martyrs, and to indorse the principles of the new Irish National Alliance formed at the great convention of Irish-Americans recently held in this city. The hall was crowded with well known Nationalists of Chicago and Cook county, a great number of ladies also being present. On the stage sat Major Lawrence R. Buckley, with his fine body of Clan-na-Gael Guards, together with Mr. Clarence S. Darrow, the orator of the evening, and Senator P. V. Fitzpatrick.

Mr. Matthew P. Brady acted as chairman of the meeting. It was after eight o'clock when he rapped for order, and the exercises began with a grand organ overture of Irish airs by Prof. Purcell. The chairman followed with a short address, in which he spoke briefly but eloquently of the occasion which the meeting was called to commemorate, the execution of three Irish patriots, who died for the cause they loved. He declared there was no grander act in history than the way Allen, Larkin and O'Brien met their death, and spoke feelingly of the tributes of love and devotion which the Irish people owed them.

Miss Nellie M. Ryan then sang "The Star Spangled Banner," which was followed by the reading of the Address of the Irish Nationalists by Mr. William A. Cunnea. The Address created the wildest enthusiasm, and when that portion indorsing the Irish National Alliance was read, in which it was proclaimed that "It is only by armed effort, God sending the opportunity and we taking advantage of His mercy, that the independence of Ireland can be finally secured," the demonstrations of approval were unbounded.

The remainder of the programme was carried out as follows, both the vocal and instrumental pieces being exceedingly well rendered:

Baritone Solo, "The Memory of the Dead" ..... W. J. O'Neill
Recitation, "Rory of the Hill" ..... Miss Mary Ethel Courtenay
Oration of the evening ..... Clarence S. Darrow
Vocal Quintette, "The Song of the Battle Eve" Alto, Mrs. Thomas Bitters, soprano, Miss Louise Turgeon, baritone, Thomas O'Halloran; bass, W. J. O'Neill; tenor, Thomas J. Purcell.
Fantasia for two harps ..... From Moore: arranged by Thomas Miss Marie F. Bonfield and Miss Alice Genevieve Smith.
Contralto Solos ..... Miss McCaffrey "Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms," "The Harp That Once Thro' Tara's Halls."
Violin Obligato, sixth air, "Varie De Berriat" ..... Maj. James W. Cole
"God Save Ireland" ..... W. J. O'Neill

The recitation of "Rory of the Hill" by little Mary Ethel Courtenay, who is only about five years old, and her head scarcely reaching above the chairman's table, was one of the pleasing incidents of the evening.

THE ADDRESS.

FELLOW-CITIZENS AND FRIENDS OF IRELAND: There died in the English city of Manchester, on the scaffold of Salford jail, twenty-eight years ago today, three Irishmen, who gave their lives that the cause of Irish liberty might not die. They were men of the rank and file, and had neither money nor title to emblazon their names in history; but they had what was better than money or title—a settled purpose and a dauntless courage that nothing could set aside or diminish. Year after year, in this city, you have been told the story of their splendid achievement and their bloody doom—how they rescued the chief of the Irish National Movement of that day from the hands of the English enemy; and, after making haughty Britain quake from centre to circumference, were finally adjudged worthy to die for the cause that had Orr and Emmet, Wolfe Tone and Thomas Russell, for apostles and martyrs. They and their associates were the first Irishmen that, from the landing of Strongbow to the year 1867, had struck a gallant blow for Ireland on English soil; and for this we particularly honor them here tonight, and they are equally honored by the Irish race throughout the length and breadth of the United States and in every land where the Celt has found a home.

Yes, friends, Allen, Larkin and O'Brien have left behind them a noble and a gallant memory. In the generation that has nearly elapsed since they were consigned to felons' graves for having dared to vindicate the manhood and honor of their native country, their example has burned as a steady flame in the dark and dreary waste of Anglo-Irish politics—ever pointing the true path and shining as a beacon light in gloom of our defeat and disappointments. The worldly-wise, even of our own race, have condemned them, but they live in the hearts of the masses of the Irish people, to whom the British scaffold has long seemed the sacrificial altar of the Irish patriot, not the shambles of the common criminal, for now, as of old—

Axe and cord and guillotine
Make the sentence—not the sin.

There are those who may condemn the noble rashness of the heroes of Manchester, but we are not of the number. We are here to applaud their act, not to censure it. They struck English pride and self confidence to the heart, and, although the blow was not mortal, it shook the British Empire to its base, for the click of the gallows was drowned in the crash of the alien Established Church, which fell to earth in Ireland. Oh, tonight, for a hundred thousand Irishmen as brave, as devoted and as practical as were Allen, Larkin and O'Brien. Then, indeed, their parting prayer of "God, Save Ireland," would not be uttered in vain. We can, with good grace, borrow one, at least, of the shibboleths of the enemy: "Put your trust in God, but remember to keep your powder dry!"

Honor the brave! Let England rave
Against them as a savage band;
We know their woes, we know their foes,
And hail them as a hero band.
With iron will they'll battle still
In groups of three or files of ten,
Nor care we by what savage skill
They fight two hundred thousand men.

The following resolutions are submitted:

That we most heartily indorse the principles of the Irish National Alliance as put forth at the convention recently held in this city, and urge all our Irish kindred in the United States to give it their cordial support, because it is only by armed effort, God sending the opportunity and we taking advantage of His mercy, that the independence of Ireland can be finally secured.

That we extend to the Irish Amnesty Associations now laboring for the release of the political prisoners our heartiest sympathy, and that we will do whatever may lie in our power to aid in the liberation of the brave men who for weary years have suffered living death for the cause of Irish liberty.

MR. DARROW'S ADDRESS.

The oration of the evening by Mr. Clarence S. Darrow was most enthusiastically received, and was liberally punctuated by cheers and applause throughout. He spoke substantially as follows:

On the 23d of November, 1837, three Irishmen—Allen, Larkin and O'Brien—were hanged in Manchester, England. These men were not the first or the last Irishmen executed on English soil, and yet from that day until this, the anniversary of their death has been regularly observed in every land where Irishmen are found. Doubtless but a small fraction of the thousands who assemble each year to recall the names and memory of the dead could tell the reason why these men were martyrs, and why their names should be singled out from the countless millions whose lives have been taken through the form and sanction of the law. To the ordinary Irishmen these men were engaged in what is vaguely called the "Irish movement," and for their connection with this cause they were put to death.

This view is partly right and partly wrong. To understand the motives and attitude of these men it is necessary briefly to review the causes that led up to the deed for which they suffered death. Almost from the time Ireland became a portion of the British Empire there has been an open feud between the English and the Celt. Warfare, revolution, conspiracy, oppression and coercion are the common terms that history constantly employs to describe the political misfit called the Union of these naturally independent states. It is impossible and unnecessary on this occasion to determine the proper place to lay the blame for the hereditary difference between those lands. No doubt, as in most cases of unfit unions, the reason was largely due to natural causes, which has ever been, and which will ever be, far more potent than the power of man.

For generations the ablest and best men of Ireland have demanded a greater or less degree of political independence, and during all these years England has constantly insisted that the two islands should be one. Most of the Irish race have regarded this political union as unnatural, forced and unjust, and have ever believed that love for their country meant devotion to the cause of Irish independence. Revolution after revolution proved unsuccessful. An appeal to arms was ever followed by defeat. True, that fervent lover of liberty and justice, that matchless orator, Daniel O'Connell, succeeded in adding vastly to the independence and dignity of his country, but when his voice was hushed, Ireland commenced slowly to sink backward once again.

After years of almost fruitless effort the so-called Fenian movement was born. This organization was mainly composed of young Irish commoners, who hitherto had not been especially prominent in the various movements looking toward the independence of the country. The society held its meetings in secret, and all its movements and plans were hid from the light of day. A secret political organization has always been regarded with disfavor by open-minded men, but most of these forget that secret associations are not the creations of their members, but are the work of the ruling class. Time and time again the British government had uprooted Irish organizations by the prosecution and conviction of their members and the suppression of their press. This could have but one result: To transfer these meetings and organizations into closed rooms, instead of leaving them in the light of day.

The governments of all the world have been very slow to learn that conspiracy is the child of tyranny, and that its cure is liberty instead of greater despotism. In their method of dealing with Irish societies and organs the English government did only as Russia, Germany, France and all other governments have ever done and most likely will ever do; they made discovery criminal, and then believed that the disease was cured because they no longer saw the sore. New York, New Jersey and Chicago have often followed in the footsteps and precedents of the past. If Thomas Jefferson could return to earth I have no doubt that many of our police inspectors would arrest him for using incendiary language should he be caught in the act of reading the declaration of independence.

The Fenian movement, too, was greatly augmented by our civil war. The close of that great struggle left in America tens of thousand of Irish soldiers, North and South, all of whom hated England and would have already welcomed a trial of strength between the United States and the mother land. More than that, the ordinary American felt hostile to England. The North believed that she had constantly sympathized, if not assisted the enemies of the Union, and the South felt that had she given something more than sympathy, their independence would have been won. The activity of the Irish-American soldier and agitator had its effect across the sea, and many believed that the day of Ireland's independence was about to dawn. Societies of Fenians were organized throughout Great Britain—their purpose being to strike for Irish independence, and obtain it by open revolution and through force of arms when the suspicious time should come. Among the prominent leaders of these revolutionists were Col. Thomas J. Kelly and Captain Deasy, who were engaged in forming organizations and otherwise promoting the common cause.

On the 12th day of September, 1867, these two men were apprehended in Manchester, England, and charged with vagrancy. Day after day they were carried back and forth from the city prison to the office of the examining magistrate in the expectation that some evidence would be forthcoming on which to base a more serious charge. Between the prison and the court was a stretch of lonely road, about two miles in length, and this was traveled each day by a van containing cells in which the prisoners were locked, together with an officer who kept the keys. The friends of Kelly and Deasy, believing that they would be charged with treason, and well knowing what would be the result of a trial of Irishmen for treason against England by an English jury, determined that these men should not die.

A plan was formed for the rescue of Kelly and Deasy while the van was making one of its journeys between the prison and the court. A body of armed men overpowered the van, shot the horses, called on the policeman, Sergt. Brett, to unlock the door and let the prisoners out. This he refused to do; thereupon a shot was fired through the keyhole to break the lock, but poor Brett was at that time looking out through the hole and received a mortal wound.

A prisoner inside took the keys from his pocket, unlocked the door and Kelly and Deasy escaped and were never seen again on English soil. Five men were indicted, tried and convicted of murder for the killing of Sergt. Brett. Three, Thomas Larkin, William Phillip Allen and Michael O'Brien, were hanged on the 23d of November.

There is no doubt that the trial was unfair. The fact that the government admitted that an innocent man had been convicted is proof of this. But then it must be said, that in most countries they would have hanged the man first and then proved him innocent afterward. This trial cannot be charged up as especially disgraceful to England. It was such a trial as would have been had in any country when reason gives away to passion, and popular clamor calls for blood.

Allen, Larkin and O'Brien each protested to the last that they had not fired the fatal shot, but whether they did or not was a matter of no consequence in the case. They were doubtless all engaged in an effort to liberate the prisoners, and Sergt. Brett was killed in that attempt. In the eye of the British law, as well as of that of America, each fellow conspirator is responsible for the acts of every other, which are done in carrying out the general plan.

It cannot, then, be rightfully claimed that these men were not guilty of murder under the law of England, or would not have been guilty under the law of any English-speaking land—their right to martyrdom must rest upon a broader ground.

The observance of this day means more than a protest against the conduct of their trial and the injustice of their "taking off." It means something besides a condemnation of the English government for the relentless enforcement of a verdict rendered in heat and malice, and influenced by the fierce clamor of the day. It means that thousands of their countrymen believe, and ever will believe, that, although branded by the law, although suffering the most ignominous death, although convicted, executed and buried in the most approved and legal form—still Allen, Larkin and O'Brien, in the light of their conscience and judged by that higher law which makes account alike of the deeds and motives of men, and which is the court of last resort that finally passes upon laws and institutions and customs, as well as men—that in the light of their conscience and before this law these men were not only guiltless of crime, but were patriots, moved by the highest motives that ever gave martyrs the strength to lay down their lives for the cause they loved.

Often in these days we are told that the highest duty is obedience to the law, and yet no one is so ignorant of history as not to know that the greatest and best and noblest of the race—those men who stand forth along the pathway of the ages as the beacon lights that mark the progress of humanity. These men who have made the world wiser and better and holier were ever battling with the laws and customs and institutions of the world. Ever beckoning the race from the mists and chains and darkness of the past to the freedom and justice and sunlight of a better day. And these men have been ever condemned today and worshipped tomorrow. Criminals in one generation, saints in the next. Crowned in one age with thorns, and in another with laurel wreaths. For the world always loves security and peace—even the calm of death is better than the storm of life and thought.

We may condemn the past, protest against the evils of foreign lands, laud the saints and martyrs of the ancient world, but woe to him who proclaims against the things that be. If his cries are loud enough, his voice must be hushed, and another generation left to vindicate his name. This has been the universal history of the world—the consistent judgment of kings and emperors, of courts and juries. The universal verdict from the day that Socrates drank the cup of hemlock until Debs was locked in the Woodstock jail. All men admit these facts when broadly stated, yet only a few can ever apply them to the present time and place.

All know that the verdicts of the past have been unjust—that the wisest judges have sent thousands, nay millions, to death for heresy, witchcraft and magic—crimes which men never could commit. Thousands have been put to death for crimes and conspiracies against the state, most of whom sought to help their fellow men. We know that this is true of all the past, but, like all the generations gone before, we believe that our age has suddenly grown so wise and good that future generations will approve and not condemn the judgments of today.

Forty years ago in the United States there lived and died a man of iron will, of matchless courage and of that strong conviction of which martyrs are always bred. This man looked at the great crime of African slavery, and although he found the institution supported and protected by law, and by the church; guarded by legislators, courts and governors, he yet believed that above all these, higher than any man-made statutes and precedents, written by the hand of the great Infinite upon the conscience of every human being, was a higher law, which denied the right of man to buy and sell his fellow man. John Brown organized a little army of fanatics like himself. He purchased guns and ammunition; he boldly entered the stronghold of slavery and appealed to the consciences and hearts of men. He gave fire-arms to the blacks. He levied war against the country whose laws and precedents declared that the color of the skin could make merchandise of men. John Brown was captured, charged with treason and murder, and was tried and executed for his crime. No one doubts but that he was guilty in the eyes of man and by the laws of that country which he defied. But wherever liberty is known John Brown is loved.

A generation has passed away since then, and the famous raid of that brave warrior, is on the other side of that great sea of human blood which divides the old and new. We look back across the eventful years to the Virginia tragedy, which marked the beginning of the end—the first blood in that great river which alone could wash away the stains that slavery left upon the minds and hearts of men; we look back today and forget his call to arms, forget the blood he shed, forget the resistance to the law; but the image of a brave, heroic man standing calmly on the scaffold waiting for the end and freely giving up his life for the cause he loved, grows clearer as the years go by.

John Brown was a revolutionist; history and the logic of events has justified the revolution he began. These have shown that however terrible the means, however great the horror and crime of war, still in the great sweep of time, in the slow progress of the world, in the mighty resistless march of events, war and revolution have ever played important parts. Although John Brown disturbed a nation's peace, although he died an ignominious death; although his body lies mouldering in the grave, still his soul is marching on. The right of the State of Virginia to try, condemn and execute this revolutionist has nothing to do with the judgment that history and humanity will pass upon the man, who from a noble cause and from devotion to a strong conviction dared the world. History will judge both Virginia and Brown from their own standpoint, and this judgment will forgive Virginia and canonize Brown as one of the bravest martyrs who ever sacrificed his life in humanity's great cause.

It is as revolutionists that Allen, Larkin and O'Brien are not only justified but entitled to a martyr's crown; and to say this, it need not follow that the revolution was right, but only that these men out of a pure patriotism; a high devotion to duty, an earnest love of their fellow men, and without hope of personal gain or selfish reward, risked their lives in their country's cause. To deny the right of revolution is to deny the right of the present to remove the restrictions of the past. Pretty much all that the world has ever gained has come through revolution—generally with the sword. The history of England is a history of conquests and revolutions, marking every step of her growth and progress from the rude savage up (or down) to the titled nobleman of today. Without the revolutions and conquests of England, her people would today dwell in huts and caves and clothe themselves in skins.

Except for revolutions against the things that were—the commerce, literature, art and science of England would never have been born. If revolution has been right for England, it was right for Ireland too. Ages since, nature, by the force of the restless waves and her resistless convulsions separated Ireland from the rest of Britain. It is not strange that the people of this island should have longed to follow the example nature set and be independent too. Everywhere the great laws of the universe, the same eternal, resistless laws that effect earth and sun, and air; the same overpowering laws that make the sunshine, the rain and the various seasons of the year—these great natural laws are constantly changing and molding man. Below human nature, beneath all our forms and customs and institutions, ever persisting, ever controlling, are these natural laws which, after all, influence and move the conduct and minds of men. However strong the chains that bound Ireland to England; however wise and just the laws imposed by the strong upon the weak; however impossible the prospect of separation, still the Irish people will ever strive for independence so long as nature leaves the sea between these two bright green lands.

The relations between Ireland and England is not unlike that which once existed between America and the mother land. The basis of the American revolution was not unequal laws, it was not tyrannical exactions; the same laws prevailed here as across the sea. Tax burdens and church establishment were no heavier or more galling in America than in England, but the wide Atlantic rolled between these lands; and the spirit of independence, personal liberty and local self-government — stronger than the laws of man; more powerful than the fleets of England—incited a handful of poor, struggling colonists to rebel against the greatest nation of the earth; sustained and upheld them, through the long, dark struggle for independence, and finally broke the unnatural bonds that sought to unite those lands which nature had placed apart.

From the time Ireland by force of arms was made a portion of Britain until today the union of these two lands has been unnatural and strained and sustained alone by the bayonet and sword. The people of these two islands, differing in natural characteristics, in religion and customs, never have and never can dwell together as one country in harmony and peace. Man is a small part of all nature; he is ruled by the same laws and forces that control inanimate clay; the laws of attraction and repulsion are as constant and persistent in affairs of men as in the cruder and blinder forms of matter. It is as impossible to blend and mix antagonistic people and nations as it is any other substances that the laws of nature have divorced.

Under the land system of England a few hundred noblemen and privileged aristocrats own half the soil of the island, and the millions of poor have nothing left except to make terms with those whose right to the earth was settled hundreds of years before either the landlord or tenant saw the light of day. In the heart of the great city of London, two titled nobodies own and hold each about a mile square of land; one of these estates was confiscated from a convent five hundred years ago by the good King Hal. It is bestowed upon an ancestor of the present proprietor in return for some trifling service done the king. The character of Henry VIII is a sufficient guarantee that the service must have been of a high and lofty kind. What the ancestor of the other duke did to draw his prize is equally uncertain, but one thing is sure, for five hundred years each of these titled vagrants have been living from British toil. For these long years all the fools in England have been paying these families for the privilege of living on the earth—the earth which nature made for the use of man thousands of ages before kings and knights and nobles, and other vultures began to live and prey. The fleeced, defrauded, half-starved working people of London and England contribute each year to each of these nobles about five hundred thousand pounds. Nobles are expensive luxuries; this sort of blood comes high.

In Ireland the situation is even worse. One half of the real and personal property of the island is owned away from home. Three powerful lords own five hundred thousand acres of her soil, while seven hundred men own one-half of all the land. In 1840 her population was 8,000,000 souls, and among these were 10,000 paupers. In 1881, forty years later, her population had fallen to 5,000,000, and 580,000 of these were paupers. In these forty years after O'Connell's death and during the decline of her political power and independence her population had shrunk one-half and at the same time her paupers had increased fifty fold. In the ten years from 1848 to 1858 her people suffered 500,000 evictions and during all this time her land was constantly passing into fewer hands until today there are only a little more than half as many land holders as there were fifty years ago. In 1879 $9,000,000 were spent in policing Ireland, while her schools received $500,000, or one dollar for twelve. The Irish may be a very noisy, quarrelsome race, but most people will believe that if the appropriation for schools was made greater the amount spent for police could be made less. In the presence of these facts it is impossible to deny the responsibility of the government for such wholesale woe. If the facts of English life are as bad it only increases the sins of the ruling class.

In the proper meaning of the word, the Irish have no native land—for the great mass of the people have no right of property in the soil—but than the same is true of England, and the people of most other lands as well. We in America are following in the footsteps of the older nations of the world. One man owns 50,000 acres of land in Illinois—the same man owns 200,000 more in Kansas and Nebraska. The great city of New York is practically controlled by a few families who had the foresight to send their ancestors to take possession the spot long before they and the present generations came upon the earth. The great estates of Chicago are growing rapidly. By a table published a few weeks ago in the *Inter-Ocean*, I see that the number of property owners in the business district north of Twelfth street is only about half what it was twenty years ago. How long will it be at this rate until a few estates will have it all? Many of our so-called statesmen, half feeling the danger of this great centralization so rapidly going on, and half recognizing the right of all the people to control the earth, have restricted the right of aliens to hold land. This may be good so far as it goes, but whether a landlord lives in England or America makes no difference with the tenant or to the general good. Unless we are wise enough and strong enough to restrict the private control of land in America, it will be but a few years until our condition is the same as Ireland and the balance of the world. If the United States was a colony of Great Britain and our people should see the control of the land rapidly passing to the few; if on the farm, in the town and in the city, they found the tenant class rapidly increasing, as in the case today, they would justly blame the law; they would point to this as an example of the wisdom of British rule, and as they pointed to these facts they would loudly clamor for the right to shape their own laws and institutions for themselves. If we were told that the same laws and conditions prevailed at home, we would not consider our objection answered; this we would take as added proof of the inability of the government to serve the general good.

It may be that if Ireland had never been a part of the British empire her condition would be the same today, but the fact remains that through all her years of trial and misery she has been held to the British throne by force of arms and the English government is therefore largely responsible for her condition now and through all the dark and bloody past.

Not alone the Irish and their sympathizers have charged this responsibility upon the ruling class, but many of the best and greatest English statesmen have not shrunk from placing the blame where it belonged and where all blame belongs—upon the ruling power. Those great English commoners whose devotion to liberty and justice wiped the corn laws from the English statutes; those friends of freedom and allies of O'Connell, the immortal Cobden and Bright, ever pleaded before the bar of Britain for Irish rights, and that other English statesman and philosopher—the wisest, the gentlest, the purest man of his day or any other, the man who taught the world that a statesman could have honor; that a philosopher could have a heart and a political economist could have a conscience, the man whose memory will be ever blessed—John Stuart Mill, ever raised his voice for Ireland, ever charged her political misfortunes where they belonged, and in the midst of contumely, abuse and universal frenzy stood in the capital of the British empire and pleaded for the lives of the men whose memory we observe today.

Little was accomplished to raise Ireland from the slough of despond, where the centuries had left her until Daniel O'Connell undertook her cause. O'Connell found Ireland poor, weak, forlorn and hopeless; endless revolutions had been stabbed to death with English steel; a long list of brave men had hopelessly given their blood to the Irish cause; numberless defeats and failures had blotted the sun from her sky and left her helpless and forsaken. In the strength and vigor of his young manhood, O'Connell dedicated his marvelous powers of oratory, his matchless courage and his boundless heart to his country's service. Through good repute and bad; in the midst of the wildest applause from thousands of his countrymen, held captive by his magic eloquence; and in the silence and ignominy of a prison pen, his courage and fidelity shone forth alike. It is not in the midst of public approval and beneath a smiling sky that true greatness can be seen and known. The loudest voice that is raised from the mob, and the bravest words that are spoken for a winning cause, fall generally from the lips of cowards and time-serving knaves. It is only beneath the dark clouds of adversity, when the voice of conscience and justice is smothered by the cruel, unthinking clamor of the crowd, that courage and greatness can shine supreme. O'Connell entered the lists in youth, and for half a century he never faltered or hesitated; never looked backward; never sought shelter or asked repose. Although his suffering, bleeding country was nearest to his heart, he never separated the cause of Ireland from the cause of all other oppressed and struggling people of the world. In the midst of the campaign for Irish independence, he found time to join with Cobden and Bright to give cheaper bread to the English poor. It was his voice, as much as theirs, that protested against the unjust protective taxes which British landlords laid on foreign grain, that they might grow rich at the expense of all the poor. And when the forces were finally marshalled and the death struggle for this species of protective monopoly was on, Daniel O'Connell led every Catholic Irish member of parliament into a union with the followers of Cobden and Bright and repealed the old protective laws that had so long fettered British trade and raised the price of British bread. O'Connell, too, found time to turn to the cause of the poor black slave, and when the cause of abolition in the British colonies was agitating England, his voice was heard pleading for the oppressed of every land. In the early years of his parliamentary career, he was approached by a leading member interested in the West India slave trade, to see if he could not many votes for the Irish cause if he would only abandon the abolition agitation. Sorely as he needed these votes, O'Connell replied: "Even hence, God knows I speak for the saddest people the sun sees; but may my right hand forget its cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if to save Ireland,

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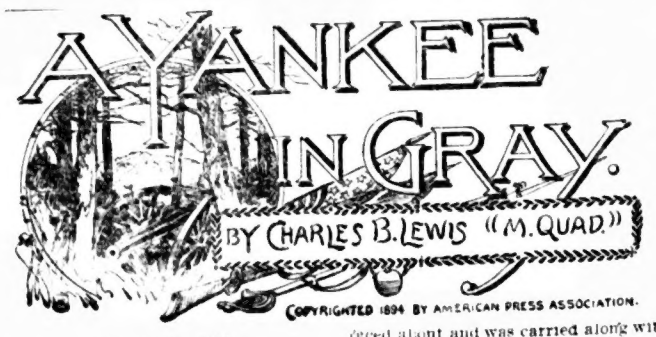

CHAPTER VII.

After Bull Run Federals and Confederates began making earnest preparations for war. The holiday was over. There was no longer talk of 60 or 90 day campaign, of soldiers returning to the farm in time to harvest the crops. While the Federals gathered on the plains of Arlington to learn the tactics of war the Confederates remained on the fields where their first victory had been won and prepared for what was to come. There was fighting in the west. armies were being raised and troops moved in every direction, but we follow only those which had confronted each other on that famous field.

Organized and reorganize, drill, scout, reconnoissance, arm and equip. In the beginning the various companies had been allowed to select their own officers by ballot. After Bull Run all commissions came from the secretary of war; all noncommissioned officers were duly appointed. Duke Wyle was commissioned captain of the Shenandoah guards, the second lieutenant was advanced, and the orderly sergeant was promoted to a lieutenancy. Among those who secured brief furloughs were Captain Wyle and Steve Brayton. The latter reached home first. The story of the battle was known, but the story of the rally—the incident which had directed General Jackson's attention to Royal Kenton—was news to the people and a great surprise. Brayton had no need to exaggerate facts to compel cheers for the "Yankee," as Kenton was still called. He told the story over and over again, always to an interested audience, and he always wound up with the observation:

"I reckon yo' all know that I was agin him and kinder hoped to put on the tar and feathers, but I've changed my mind. Durn my hide if I don't wish he was captain of our company!"

One day as he passed the Percy mansion Marian was at the gate, seemingly waiting for him.

"I have read of the battle and heard a great deal of talk about it," she said, "but would you mind telling mother and I of the part taken by our own company? We are naturally more interested in them than any other participants."

Sitting on the veranda with mother and daughter for an audience and using a piece of chalk to draw a rude diagram on the boards, Steve Brayton kept them deeply interested for an hour.

"You were at first driven back?" queried Marian when he had finished.

"Driv' right back like a flock of sheep, and thar' hain't no use to deny it," he replied.

"Where were your officers?"

"Runnin as fast as the rest of us."

"And Mr. Kenton rallied you?"

"He did, ma'am. Abner Jenkins was carryin our company flag, and he tumbled down and left it lyin on the ground. I was right behind him with Kenton, and the Yankee lifts it up, waves it about and yells for us to halt and rally."

"And did the officers rally, too?" persisted Marian.

"Waal, yes, but they was purty slow about it. We had got the cannon and were drawin it off afore I saw any of 'em. Reckon they feel mightily cut up over it, fur they allus said the Yankee wouldn't stand fire."

Steve Brayton was not a close observer, or he might have discovered a secret that afternoon. Both mother and daughter exhibited the greatest interest and asked him many questions, and when he took his departure he said to himself:

"Durn my hide if they wasn't more interested than half the men!"

Two or three days later Captain Wyle appeared, and Steve Brayton vanished. The captain expected to create a sensation, but was bitterly disappointed. Everybody was friendly, but Brayton had told the story of the rally and put the credit where it belonged. He had plenty of excuses to urge, and his story was quite different from Brayton's, but somehow it failed to go. While he was congratulated on his promotion, which was strong evidence in itself of his good standing with his superior officers, he had not rallied his flying company and led it back, and no one could be quite satisfied with his record. On the second evening of his arrival he called upon the Percys. His sole reason for returning home at that time was to make this call. The victory which he had helped to achieve, his promotion, the laudatory notices he had received in his home newspaper, all these things went to make him believe that he would be accorded a frank welcome by mother and daughter and that opportunity might be given him to plead his cause.

The captain's welcome was cordial enough, and after the first salutations conversation naturally turned to the war. He took an early opportunity to laughingly remark:

"Well, I suppose you have heard all about our Yankee?"

"To whom do you refer, captain?" stiffly inquired Marian.

"Why, to Kenton, of course. I believe you both knew him? I had no idea that he could be induced to enlist, and I am surprised that he did not desert to his friends before the battle opened."

"Mr. Kenton believed it his duty as a citizen of Virginia to take up arms in her cause," replied the mother.

"And instead of deserting he seems to have led your company to victory," quietly added Marian.

"He was simply in the rear as we faced about and was carried along with the rush," explained the captain. "Nevertheless he is a brave man, and I hope he is in earnest."

"Why shouldn't he be?" asked the girl.

"'Blood will tell' is an old saying. I shan't be surprised to wake up some morning and find that he has deserted to the enemy."

"You do Mr. Kenton gross injustice!" exclaimed Marian as her color came and went, and her eyes looked brighter than he had ever seen them before. "I have seen nothing in him to lead me to believe that he would countenance anything dishonorable, and brave men are never recorded as deserters."

If the captain had planned to make

He drew up his musket and deliberately fired to kill.

her betray her true feelings toward Royal Kenton, he had succeeded. Her looks and demeanor, added to the words she uttered with so much spirit, satisfied him that his own cause, unless something unforeseen should arise, was hopeless. While he was a man of hot temper he had a great self control, and when he left the house neither mother nor daughter suspected his bitterness of feeling.

"It's no use to deceive myself!" he muttered as he walked slowly down the street. "If the Yankee doesn't desert, and if he is not killed in battle or otherwise, he will return to wed her. With him removed my path is clear. It will be my fault if something doesn't happen to him very soon!"

Something did happen—two or three somethings—before the captain's return to camp. Ike Baxter thoroughly understood what Captain Wyle desired, and he was eager for an opportunity to carry out his wishes. One night when both were on guard about the camp he wheeled in his beat, drew up his musket and deliberately fired to kill. Kenton was hardly 20 feet distant, face turned away and completely at his mercy. The heavy bullet passed between his arm and side and sped across the camp and killed a poor sergeant as he lay sleeping on his bed. The would be assassin pleaded accident, and it was natural to believe that it was such. Kenton was one of the first to excuse him, and not the slightest suspicion of the soldier's murderous intentions found lodgment in his mind.

Another incident, and one with far more pleasant surroundings, occurred the very next day. A message came to the commanding officer of the guards from Stonewall Jackson to send Private Kenton to his headquarters. The general looked at the young man before him for half a minute before saying:

"You headed the detachment which captured the gun in a hand to hand fight. You did nobly. Who is captain of your company?"

"Captain Wyle, sir."

"Ah, yes. Captain Truesdale was wounded and crippled for life. I see. And you are still a private?"

"Yes, sir."

"H'm! I ought to have remembered you, but I have been busy—very busy. Is your captain with his company?"

"No, sir. He left several days ago on furlough."

"H'm! And haven't you asked for a furlough too?"

"I have not."

"Well, we'll see about it later on. Tomorrow I shall be away. The day after at 10 o'clock in the morning I wish you to report here to me. Stay! I will write an order to that effect, which will be your authority for leaving camp. Show it to your commanding officer."

And when Kenton returned to the guards and related his interview and exhibited the order all congratulated him—all except Ike Baxter. That individual felt himself greatly wronged, and his mutterings took the form of words:

"Drat that durned Yankee, but he's jest gwine to boss this hull army if the captain doan' dun hurry back to camp!"

CHAPTER VIII.

As with the Federals at Arlington, so with the Confederates on the fields and meadows to the south. Battles were fought on the eastern coast and on the western rivers—battles which made history were fought in North Carolina, Kentucky, Tennessee and Missouri, but the Army of Virginia remained in its camps. Its leaders realized from the beginning that Virginia would be the real battleground of the war, and that the Army of Virginia would be called upon to render heroic defense. Every hour gained was an advantage, every day a gain of men and material and experience.

When Royal Kenton reported to General Jackson as per order, he was asked if he knew the country to the north of the Confederate outposts. He was forced to reply that he was entirely ignorant of it.

"This is a disadvantage, but one you can overcome," said the general. "We are in need of a few more brave men at the front to act as scouts. Would you have any objection to serving in that capacity?"

"I—I should not like to act the part of a spy," stammered Kenton in much confusion.

"Nor would I ask you to. A spy is generally a brave man and often moved solely by patriotism, but few of them are soldiers, and the profession is under a stigma. As a scout you go in your uniform, secure such information as you can in a legitimate way, and if captured you are treated as a prisoner of war. You can take a comrade with you or go alone, as you elect. Do not be afraid to state your objections if you have any."

"I will go and go alone," replied Kenton after a moment's thought.

"Very well, I am glad to hear it. You can now return to your company, and during the day I will send the proper order to your captain. Upon your return report to me direct, and I have no doubt you will bring information of value."

That afternoon Captain Wyle returned to his company, and when he received the order detailing Private Kenton for temporary duty at headquarters and learned its object he was almost tempted to congratulate him. As between captain and private or between man and man, he would have done so with great heartiness, but as a rival lover he could not. When Ike Baxter had related the story of the attempted "removal," as he called it, he expected words of praise, but they were not uttered. On the contrary, his action was severely criticised, and he went away to sulk and growl.

"Understand me," said the captain as Ike betrayed his disappointment by word and look, "I don't want murder or assassination. I hate him because he's a Yankee and because he is an enemy among us. I want to drive him out—force him to desert to his own side. I want the news to go back home that he has deserted and is a traitor to us. Bring that about, and I'll do anything I can to reward you, but don't shoot him down in cold blood. Now that General Jackson has taken him under his wing we must be more careful than ever."

Armed with a pass that would take him through the Confederate lines and pickets, Royal Kenton made his way toward Washington. When he reached the last outpost, the officer in command gave him the lay of the country along that front, the position of the Federal videttes so far as known, and named many farmers who sympathized with the Confederate cause and would give him shelter. It was about 10 o'clock in the forenoon when Kenton left the last post behind him and disappeared in the woods. He knew in a general way what was required of him. It was, first, to push as near the Federal lines as possible, and then to estimate the strength of camps or marching columns, locate forts and earthworks and seek to discover the strength of positions. Spies go in disguise and often remain in a camp for days. Scouts are saved from the halter when caught only because they are not "an enemy in disguise." The spy is detested simply because he is generally moved by a financial consideration and is often a person who will work for the side paying him the best.

The neutral ground between the two armies was a strip of territory from three to six miles wide. Reconnoissances were almost of daily occurrence from one side or the other, and cavalry commands patrolled the highways at frequent intervals.

The sentiment of the Virginia farmers was overwhelmingly Confederate, and whenever Kenton identified himself he was given all information at hand. During the first two days he had several narrow escapes from Federal cavalry patrols, and on the third day he was treated to a double surprise. The farmer with whom he had remained over night had recommended him to one much nearer the Federal outposts to secure additional information. He reached this place about 11 o'clock in the forenoon, and the first face he saw was that of Marian Percy, the next that of

The first face he saw was that of Marian Percy.

her mother. The meeting appeared to be as pleasant to all as it was unexpected. The Percys had arrived only two days before in hopes to remove the farmer's wife, who was a relative, to their home in the valley. The woman was ill—too ill to stand the journey, and they would wait for a few days in hopes of an improvement. The house had been visited daily by parties from both armies, but thus far no violence had been offered nor had anything been taken from the farm.

For almost the first time since he had known her Royal Kenton was left alone with Marian Percy for an hour. They sat under the apple trees, and he told her the details of the battle of Bull Run as far as he had gathered them, of his interviews with Jackson, the object of his scout, his hopes and fears of the future.

"You enlisted to serve your state," she said when opportunity came. "This is no longer a question of what a state may or may not do. It is no longer Virginia, but a southern confederacy. Do you feel the same obligation?"

"Does the same obligation exist?" he queried in reply.

"Certainly not. I have dared to so assert and have almost been called a traitor for my language. One does not need to be a politician or the daughter of a politician to realize that the success of the newborn confederacy means the downfall of the republic. And yet Virginians cannot return to their homes and lay aside their weapons of war."

"Thus far I have cast my fortunes with Virginia," replied Kenton, "and it is too late to retreat now, even if I so desired. What the end will be no man can predict."

They talked of other things as they sat on the rude bench Farmer Hastings had constructed that he might smoke his pipe in the shade and still look out over the dusty highway which ran past his door. There was no declaration of love by word of mouth, but I think that some conclusion was arrived at just the same, and that both were happy over it in a silent way.

Dinner had just been eaten when one of the colored servants announced the approach of a body of Federal cavalry from the direction of Washington. Kenton counted them while they were yet half a mile away and made the number to be 20. It was a patrol, and it might stop or pass on.

"You see the situation," said Marian as she approached Kenton, who was carefully examining his revolver. "You could not beat them off single handed, and if you are discovered here you will be taken prisoner and the rest of us subjected to annoyance and insult. You must go at once."

"And leave you unprotected?"

"Our people have an idea that the Yankees have horns and hoops," she laughed, "but I have lived among them for years, as you know. They will not make war on old men and defenseless women. Go! There is no time to lose! They are surely going to stop here!"

Kenton retreated through the orchard to the cover of a stone wall 200 feet in rear of the house. He was scarcely sheltered when the troopers filed into the yard through the gate and surrounded the house. The captain in command dismounted and was about to rap on the wide open front door when Marian appeared.

"Well?" she queried as he looked at her in the greatest surprise for half a minute.

"Ah, excuse me!" he stammered. "I am looking for some one—a man—a man who is supposed to be a Confederate scout or spy."

"There is only one white man here—the old farmer himself. We have seen no stranger. You are at liberty to search."

"Oh, no, no! The word of a lady is amply sufficient. Perhaps he took the other road. Sergeant, re-form the men in the highway."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

They All Thumped.

He was a typical gamin—ragged, unwashed and seemingly taking a heap of comfort as he sat munching an apple on the steps of a tenement house in Elizabeth street the other evening. As I sat down beside him I asked:

"Well, how are you getting along?"

"All right," he replied.

"Father in work?"

"Yes; he's in work, but he only gits his board and clothes out of it. Dad's over on the island fur 60 days fur thumpin mam."

"And your mother—she lives up stairs, I suppose?"

"She did," he answered, "but she's doin 15 days' time fur thumpin me."

"Then you are keeping house alone, eh?"

"Yes, I shall be now. I just got home myself today."

"Where have you been?"

"Oh, I got five days for thumpin a kid as laffed when ma was arrested."

"You seem to be a thumping sort of family," I said as he gnawed away at his apple.

"Yes, I guess so," he replied, "and you haven't seen the hull of us yit. I've a brother who hangs out around the corner, and I'm expectin him along here every minit."

"Yes, and what will your brother do?"

"If I'm alone, he won't thump nobody but me, but if you are here he'll thump both of us together!"

I gave him a nickel cigar as a reward of merit, and moved on before the brother appeared.—Detroit Free Press.

Bathed Before He Started.

The late Sir Charles Napier, rightly or wrongly, had the credit of not being very partial to ablution. Wicked men say that when he went out to take the command in chief of the army, after the reverse of Cillianwallah, he proceeded, immediately after landing at Calcutta, to see Lord Dalhousie at the government house. He was, of course, cordially received. "I am very glad to see you, Sir Charles," said the governor general, "you have not come before you were wanted. We must have a long talk together. But in the first place we must have dinner, which will soon be ready, and there is just time to get a bath first."

"Thank you, my lord," responded Sir Charles; "I shall be quite ready for dinner, but I don't want a bath—I had a good wash at Alexandria!"—London Telegraph.

Mount Desert island was thus named by Champlain on account of its barren appearance.

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THRILLING SCENES

Of Danger and Daring at a Costly Chicago Fire.

HEAVIEST LOSSES ARE IN LIFE.

Five Are Dead and Two Others Will Die, While Six More Are Seriously Hurt—Three Fearful Falls from Window and Fire Escape—Collapse of Floors Catches Firemen—Marvelous Escape the Result a Fireman's Chivalrous Bravery.

CHICAGO, Nov. 23.—The interior of the Woolen Goods Exchange building, a seven-story structure at the corner of Van Buren and Franklin streets, burned yesterday, entailing a loss of $375,000 upon the owners and tenants of the building, and causing a loss of five lives, fatal injury to two others, and the injury of six other people, all of whom are expected to recover. The dead are: Patrick J. O'Donnell, lieutenant engine company No. 2; Martin Sherrick, pipeman; John Downs, pipeman; John Prendergast, pipeman. All these firemen were crushed by falling debris. Kittie Landgraf, jumped from the fourth story window, injured internally, died at the county hospital.

Fatally injured—Harry Neil, jumped from the fourth story window, internally injured and left arm broken; Nellie Turner, fell from the fire escape which she was descending.

Seriously injured: Aggie McLain, Olga Kellar, Hattie Brennan, Edna Rittert and Mary Pink, overcome by smoke; Daniel McNally, driver of an engine company, buried beneath the debris—all will recover.

Panic Among the Girl Employes.

It was shortly after 9 in the morning when Rose Brace, an employe of Stern & Biers, noticed the odor of smoke. Stepping into the hallway she discovered the corridors filled with smoke. She ran back into the workroom crying "fire." Thirty girls were there. Instantly there was confusion. Following the example of the girl who had given the alarm a score or more employes ran here and there, not knowing what to do or where to go. Although every effort was made to control the frightened girls several opened windows and climbed up on the ledges.

Falls from the Fire Escape.

One of the first to do this was Nellie Turner. She screamed for help, and some one on the ground shouted to her to jump. She, however, went to another window near the fire escape and climbed out. Those on the street watched her movements with great anxiety. When she grasped the escape and swung herself off from the stone ledge on which she had stood hundreds cheered. She commenced to descend. Officer Flaherty was also on the fire escape, between the first and second story, and when he saw the girl above he started up to aid her. He was too late. She suddenly lost her balance and fell. Officer Flaherty tried to catch her but could not reach her. She was picked up almost unconscious.

Caught the Girl "on the Fly."

In the frenzy of fright Kittie Landgraf and Harry Neil jumped, as stated above, from fourth story windows to the pavement below. By this time the firemen arrived and those who had not escaped by the stairways were taken down ladders. The escape of Olga Kellar was marvelous. She appeared at a fourth story window, climbed out on the ledge, clinging with one hand to a narrow strip of wood on the outside of the sash. The firemen put up a ladder and were coming up to rescue her when she was overcome by the smoke and dropped. Captain Hermanson, the first man up the ladder, braced himself, and as the unconscious form dropped he seized it with his right hand. The effort nearly cost him his life, for he narrowly escaped falling.

Five Firemen Caught by a Collapse.

As he came down the ladder with his human burden he was cheered by crowds on the street. By noon the firemen thought the worst of the day's battle was past, but they were mistaken. Shortly before 1 o'clock the large safe on the fifth floor fell to the fourth, carrying it and the first, second and third with it. Five men, members of engine company No. 2, were working on the second floor, and all were buried beneath the mass of brick, stone and timber. All were killed except Daniel McNally.

There were forty-seven tenants in the building, but many of them were agents of eastern manufacturers and their loss will be small.

Names of the Heaviest Losers.

The heaviest losers are: Kuh, Nathan & Fisher, owners of the building, $100,000; Stern & Biers, wholesale clothing, $80,000; Broadhurst, Lee & Co., cloth and woolen goods, $25,000. The balance of the loss is divided up among the many small establishments in the building, the losses running all the way from a few hundreds to $20,000.

THREE DIE IN THE FLAMES.

Incendiary Fire in a Negro Settlement Results in a Holocaust.

BROWNSVILLE, Ky., Nov. 23.—Three persons lost their lives by an incendiary fire in a cabin at Stony Point in this county. The cabin was owned by Gibson Armstrong, colored, who, with his wife and two daughters and niece, Mollie Whitney, were asleep when the fire broke out. Nancy Armstrong and Mollie Whitney were burned to death. Fannie Armstrong was so badly burned that she died later. The others were unharmed.

James Wright, a step-son of Armstrong, had quarreled with his foster-father the day before the fire, and he is suspected of arson. He has fled, but officers are now looking for him. Stony Point is a negro settlement and the residents threaten Wright with summary justice if he can be found.

May Explain the Price of Corn.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 25.—Of late years the Black sea and Danube countries have been shipping corn in large quantities to Germany and Great Britain and other countries of northern Europe. The imports into Germany from Roumania alone last year exceeded those of the United States. An examination of the quality of the American corn and that above mentioned shows the American product to be vastly superior.

Hanlan Wins the Championship.

GALVESTON, Nov. 25.—The fifth and final trial heat of the series of five for the English championship between Hanlan and Bubear was won by Hanlan, giving him three out of five heats and the race. Hanlan's time was 9:55

TWO GREAT FOOT BALL GAMES.

Yale Beats Princeton and Pennsylvania Gets Away with Harvard.

CHICAGO, Nov. 25.—Yale and Princeton met at foot ball on Manhattan field, New York, and played one of the most exciting games that has occurred this season. Fully 25,000 people witnessed the game, which was won by Yale—20 to 10. The game was very hotly contested, but the play was clean and there was no slugging or unfairness shown. There was immense enthusiasm and the "rooters" were in their element.

The other big game was between Pennsylvania and Harvard, and it was also a clean game. The gridiron at Cambridge, Mass., was the scene, and 12,000 enthusiasts cheered their favorites from first to last. Harvard lost primarily because Brewer failed to kick two easy goals. The score was 17 to 14. Michigan and Minnesota universities met at Detroit, the former winning by a score of 20 to 0, still they had to play hard for every point they made.

Other college games were as follows: At West Point—Brown 0, Cadets 26; at Chicago—Michigan Military 30, St. John's military (Orchard Lake, Wis.), 0; at Indianapolis—Depauw 16, Butler 0. In a game at Chicago the Chicago athletic defeated Indianapolis Light Artillery 4 to 0.

WILL CORBETT SIGN FOR A FIGHT?

Fitzsimmons Agrees to the Scheme Proposed by Dan Stuart.

HOUSTON, Nov. 25.—Fitzsimmons has signed articles for a fight with Corbett. The stipulation is for a fight to a finish with five-ounce gloves to be pulled off Jan. 10, 1896, at El Paso, Tex., or elsewhere; the party to the first part (D. A. Stuart) agreeing to give the winner of the contest a purse of $20,000. Should the party of the first part fail to pull off the fight on the date mentioned he is to forfeit to Corbett and Fitzsimmons one half of the purse, $10,000.

Upon the date that James J. Corbett and W. A. Brady agree to sign the articles the parties of the second and third parts (Corbett and Fitzsimmons) are to deposit each $12,500. Of this amount $10,000 deposited by each side is to be a side bet between the contestants, and is to go to the winner of the fight; the amount of $2,500 deposited by principals in the contest is a forfeit to Dan A. Stuart to be paid to him should either of the principals fail to be at the ring side on the date selected.

RAILWAY WRECK IN NEW MEXICO.

Twelve Passengers Hurt and an Engineer and Postal Clerk Missing.

TOPEKA, Kan., Nov. 26.—General Manager Frey received word last night of a head-end collision that occurred just east of Shoemaker, N. M., between the eastbound Chicago limited and a freight train. The trains met on a sharp curve. Both engines were destroyed. The mail car was thrown on top of the engine and the baggage car and one chair car are upside down in the river. About twelve passengers were more or less seriously injured.

Engineer Bourne, of the flyer, and the postal clerk are missing. The injured passengers were taken to Las Vegas hospital and wrecking crews started from Raton and Las Vegas to clear the way and repair 600 feet of track which was torn up. Shoemaker is about the third station east of Las Vegas.

REPRESENTATIVE DOLLIVER WEDS.

After the Marriage a Public Reception Is Held in the Armory.

FORT DODGE, Ia., Nov. 21.—The wedding of Representative J. P. Dolliver and Miss Louise Pearsons occurred at the First Presbyterian church in this city, at 7 o'clock last evening. The Episcopal service was used. Rev. Greene officiated, assisted by Rev. J. J. Dolliver, father of the groom. At the conclusion of the services a public reception was held in the armory. Senator Allison, Governor Jackson and wife and Congressman Perkins and wife were among the prominent guests present from afar. Congressman Dolliver is one of the most popular members of the Iowa congressional delegation. Miss Pearsons is a niece of Hon. D. K. Pearsons, the well-known Chicago philanthropist.

ACCUSED OF A TRIPLE MURDER.

Two of His Victims Being His Own Mother and Father.

ALLIANCE, Or., Nov. 25.—All doubt as to the guilt of Lloyd Montgomery, the 18-year-old boy accused of murdering his father, mother and D. R. McKercher, near Brownsville, was removed when he made a partial confession to Sheriff McFerron. Young Montgomery said: "I killed McKercher after he had killed father and mother. He had shot them both down and shot once at me, when I seized the gun and shot him. Then I ran away from the house." The prisoner declared he did not kill his parent, but the officers feel sure of his guilt.

Six Boys Caught by a Cave-In.

LOUISVILLE, Nov. 22.—Six boys, who were digging a cave at Twenty-eighth and Grayson streets last evening, were buried by a cave-in of the bank. Two were dead when reached, two others were badly injured and two escaped unhurt. The dead are: Howard Ramage and Louis Snow. The injured: Will Ramage, leg broken; Walter Gambel, arm broken; Otto Brood and Fred Baker escaped injury. The boys had been at work several days in a steep embankment in Grayson street and were just completing their playhouse when the earth gave way, burying all of them.

Four Bodies Washed Ashore.

CHICAGO, Nov. 22.—There have been a number of wrecks as a result of the storm on the lakes, but the only loss of life reported is the finding of four bodies on the beach near Sarnia, Ont. These are believed to be the bodies of fishermen, as no wreck is reported near Sarnia. A closer examination of the wreckage ashore north of Charlevoix shows that the life-preserver is marked "Lycoming" and not "Corning." The wreckage seems to be from a steamer. The Lycoming, however, arrived safely in Milwaukee and has left there for Chicago.

Typesetting Contest at Chicago.

CHICAGO, Nov. 25.—A contest for the championship on the Mergenthaler linotype machine took place yesterday in this city between George W. Green, of the Boston Standard, and Eugene Taylor of The Rocky Mountain News, Denver. The stake was a purse of $500. Green set 70,700 in seven hours, corrected solid nonpareil, to Taylor's 64,427, smashing all previous records. At the close of the contest Green received a challenge from Riley, of Boston.

ARMENIANS NEED PROMPT HELP.

Appeal to the Christian World to Relieve Their Terrible Distress.

NEW YORK, Nov. 22.—An appeal has been made for aid for the Armenians from London and this city, where committees have been appointed. The committee here is, in part, Bishop Potter, Archbishop Corrigan, Morris K. Jesup, Rev. W. H. P. Faunce, Jacob H. Schiff and Rev. David T. Burrell. Spencer Trask, 27 Pine street, New York, is treasurer, and contributions may be forwarded to him.

These contributions will be distributed among the Armenian sufferers through a mixed commission of American missionaries, British consuls and others. The appeal says: "The civil and Christian world is horror-stricken over the reports of the massacre of Armenian Christians by the Turks. In addition to the destruction of life whole villages have been burned, all the property belonging to the Armenians has been destroyed or confiscated, and the survivors—mostly men and women—have been left to starve. The distress is so widespread and the number in actual need of even a crust of bread so large that relief agencies have been established in London and York, and an appeal is made to the Christian world for aid."

MARRIED TO A SICK MAN.

The Rockefeller-McCormick Wedding Performed at the Groom's Home.

NEW YORK, Nov. 26.—The marriage of Miss Edith Rockefeller to Harold McCormick took place today in the apartments of Mr. McCormick. On Thursday last Harold McCormick was taken with a severe cold, resulting in an attack of pleurisy. It was fully expected that he would sufficiently recover to be married in the church today as announced. But late yesterday afternoon a consultation with his physicians was held, and they advised that he would be incurring serious risk of pneumonia by leaving his home.

For this reason it became necessary that the ceremony be performed at the appointed hour at Mr. McCormick's apartments, the immediate members of the family only being present. The wedding reception took place at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. John D. Rockefeller at 12:30 o'clock. This wedding had been looked forward to by New York society as one of the great social events of the season. Apropos thereof it is stated that Miss Rockefeller had about made up her mind to go to Japan as a missionary of the Baptist church, but young McCormick convinced her that he needed her more than the mikado's subjects did.

SOVEREIGN RESIGNS HIS OFFICE,

But Is Triumphantly Re-Elected After a Very Heated Debate.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 21.—It is expected that the general assembly of the Knights of Labor will conclude its work by Saturday and adjourn sine die. Rochester, N. Y., is likely to be selected for the place of meeting next year. Hot Springs and Little Rock, Ark., and Dallas, Tex., have been suggested also.

The proceedings in the assembly took rather a sensational turn growing out of some very harsh criticisms passed upon various local assemblies by the general officers. Assembly 49, of New York, retaliated with charges of general mismanagement against Grand Master Workman Sovereign, whereupon the latter resigned. But the great majority of the delegates sided with Sovereign, and after a very heated debate he was triumphantly re-elected. His majority was largely in excess of the requisite two-thirds.

Debs Is a Free Man.

CHICAGO, Nov. 22.—When the clock struck 12 last night Eugene V. Debs was a free man. He was in bed in the cell in the Woodstock (Ills.) jail which he had occupied for 163 days when his time of freedom came. Today he left the jail.

CHICAGO, Nov. 23.—Eugene V. Debs spoke in Battery "D" last night to an audience that taxed the seating and standing capacity of the hall. Most of the leading labor organizations were represented, and the reception accorded to the leader of the American Railway Union was enthusiastic in the extreme.

Receipts from Internal Revenue.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 22.—The annual report of the commissioner of internal revenue shows the receipts from different sources during the last fiscal year as follows: From spirits, $79,892,627; decrease for the year, $5,396,624. Tobacco, $29,704,907; increase, $1,087,009. Fermented liquors, $31,640,617; increase, $225,829; income tax, $77,139. Oleomargarine, $1,409,211; decrease, $314,268. Miscellaneous, $551,583; increase, $388,554. The total receipts from all sources, $143,246,077, a decrease of $3,922,371.

Ex-Father Wagner Acquitted.

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., Nov. 22.—Father Dominick Wagner, the priest of St. Mary's parish who created a sensation by abducting Miss Maud S. Steidel, sending her to Chicago, and afterwards marrying her to escape the penitentiary, was tried on the charge of embezzlement of church funds. The jury rendered a verdict of not guilty.

Want a Stay for Harris.

FREEPORT, Ills., Nov. 25.—Rev. Father Horan and Charles Neiman left for Springfield to ask the governor to delay the execution of Frank Harris, ex-base ball player, sentenced to be hanged on the 29th, in order that a complete record may be presented to the supreme court.

THE DEATH RECORD.

Judge ANDREW J. KING, ex-congressman, at Jefferson City, Mo.

Rev. J. E. NEWHOUSE, prominent Methodist minister, at Greencastle, Ind.

Dr. C. C. WILLIAM, pioneer Missouri physician, at Clinton, Mo.

ABNER C. MATTOON, well-known citizen of Oswego, N. Y.

Rev. AUGUSTUS WOODBURY, D. D., at Concord, N. H.

WILLIAM T. SMITH, wealthy retired coal operator, at Shamokin, Pa.

JOHN F. DOOLIN, an old resident of Jacksonville, Ills.

Rev. J. S. LAND, retired Baptist clergyman, at Elizabeth, N. J.

THOMAS CONCANNON, a well known horseman, at Laporte, Ind.

THOMAS TAGEER, an old settler of Burlington, Ia.

MAURICE FREDERICK DE HAAS, the marine artist, at New York.

S. DRYDEN PHELPS, well-known poet and author, at New Haven, Conn.

HENRY WIDMER, well-known musical director, at New York.

Judge W. O. PERKINS, prominent Tennessee lawyer, at Nashville, Tenn.

General ISAAC B. CURRAN, at Springfield, Ills.

STATE NEWS NOTES.

ITEMS OF INTEREST TO THE PEOPLE OF ILLINOIS.

Happenings of the Past Few Days Gathered Here and There Throughout the State—Telegraphic Reports of Events That Will Interest Our Readers.

LEWISTON, Ills., Nov. 22.—Damage suits have been filed in the circuit court here by Alderman Oscar Baughman, Ellis Brown and Frank Henry against Clarence E. Snively, editor of the Canton Register; Supervisor John Bell of Canton township; Meredith Walker and Daniel Abbott, lawyers of Canton; W. H. Shaw, proprietor of the Churchill hotel in Canton; Benjamin Buckley, the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy railroad detective, and Joseph E. Farley, manager of the Farley detective agency in Chicago. The charges are false imprisonment and aggregate the sum asked for as damages is $30,000. This is the outcome of the arrest of the three plaintiffs a short time ago, charged with burning the Fulton county courthouse.

DR. BARROWS RESIGNS.

Startles the Members of His Congregation by His Announcement.

CHICAGO, Nov. 25.—Because the trustees of the First Presbyterian church refused to give him a six months' leave of absence to deliver the Haskell course of lectures in India, the Rev. Dr. John Henry Barrows has resigned his pastorate. Twelve persons of the congregation in the First church were not surprised when the pastor read a letter resigning his charge. Everybody else in hearing was startled.

For fourteen years Dr. Barrows has been pastor of the church. He is known all over the world, and his work in connection with the parliament of religions at the World's fair added to the fame he already possessed as a pulpit orator, a lecturer, author and organizer of religious work. Dr. Barrows is the lecturer in the department of comparative religions at the University of Chicago, and has accepted the Haskell lectureship, a course of which has been mapped out for India. To deliver this course Dr. Barrows asked his church for six months' time, but the trustees of the church believed if he were to be absent for that length of time it would be fatal to the interests of the church, and consequently the request was refused. Dr. Barrows immediately tendered his resignation and asked that it be accepted.

BEATEN BY A TRAMP.

Whole Family Laid Out by a Brute with a Club.

MOLINE, Ills., Nov. 23.—A brutal assault was committed upon the family of Gregory Brown, near Osborn, a small station on the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy railroad, east of here. A tramp called at the house shortly after dark and asked for mony. Being refused he became ugly, and when ordered away by Mr. Brown, the tramp drew a club from under his coat and beat the old man over the head.

Mrs. Brown went to her husband's rescue and the tramp struck her a heavy blow with the club, breaking her arm. He afterward knocked her down and brutally beat her with the weapon. The two daughters also were attacked and mercilessly clubbed. Then the tramp fled leaving the family helpless and nearly dead. They were unable to notify any of the neighbors until morning. A posse was raised and the country is being thoroughly searched for the tramp.

Settling the Selter Estate.

EDWARDSVILLE, Ills., Nov. 25.—Representatives of the trustees of the Selter estate paid off all the remaining claims against the Illinois Farm company. All the claims were paid in full, and those sued on have been dismissed in the circuit court by Krome & Terry, attorneys for the creditors. This ends all litigation in this county growing out of ex-State Senator Selter's entanglement.

Bull Fight at Chicago.

CHICAGO, Nov. 25.—A bull fight was the outcome of an equestrian event at Tattersall's under the auspices of the Chicago Hussars. After the exhibition of fancy riding three steers were let out of different pens around the arena. This was done for the purpose of showing how the cowboys rope cattle. One wild steer ran its horns into the side of a horse, nearly killing the animal.

State Notes.

The Illinois grand encampment of Odd Fellows has elected Julius H. Raible, of Alton, grand patriarch, and John. C. Smith, of Chicago, grand scribe.

Mrs. Eva S. Wheelan, a widow, aged 43 years, was married at Carlyle, Ills., to John Freese, aged 21, her hired man. The bride has three children older than the groom.

The Illinois Odd Fellows' grand lodge and Rebekah assembly adjourned after installing officers and attending to the closing business of the session.

Robert B. Fort of Lacon, Ill., will enter the race for Republican nominee for senator from his district. He is the only son of the late Colonel Fort, former congressman from this district.

Thomas Kelley, a farm hand at Emington, Ills., was gored to death by an infuriated bull.

George H. Totten, for a year and a half manager of the Chicago View hotel is missing. An examination of his books shows a shortage of over $2,000, and his whereabouts is a matter of some concern to A. J. Stone, owner of the building.

Found His Runaway Wife.

CLEVELAND, O., Nov. 26.—C. W. Rick, until recently a captain in the Buffalo police force, created a sensation when he forced an entrance to a room at 225 Detroit street this city and found his wife in company with a man named R. D. Nesbett, with whom she eloped from Buffalo. There were screams from the woman and two children ran to their father's arms. Rick at once attacked Nesbett, pounding him over the head with a hammer. Both men were arrested and in police court Nesbett pleaded not guilty. The latter is said to have a wife living in Oil City, Pa.

Suits Against "General" Saunders.

TOPEKA, Kan., Nov. 26.—The November term of the federal circuit court which has opened has several important suits on its docket. There are two criminal suits against "General" Saunders of the commonweal army, which captured a Missouri Pacific train out of Scott City last year and delayed the United States mail, and the famous Hillmon insurance case, which appears for its fourth trial by jury, will come up for hearing.

BRADSTREET'S VIEW OF TRADE.

Condition Not as Good as Desired, but Might Be Worse.

NEW YORK, Nov. 23.—Bradstreet's says: The check to general trade which has been conspicuous for the past few weeks still continues. Unseasonably mild weather and rains have intensified this feature, which is more conspicuous south, where the decline in the price of cotton and consequent check to shipments are held to be partly responsible. But the demand for staples increases on the appearance of seasonably cold weather, the result being larger orders for woolens, shoes, rubbers and holiday specialties.

Exports of wheat from both coasts of the United States and from Montreal this week (wheat flour included as wheat), amount to 2,916,000 bushels, against 3,325,000 bushels last week, 3,312,000 bushels in the week a year ago, 2,764,000 bushels in the week two years ago, 3,346,000 bushels three years ago, and as compared with 4,082,000 bushels in the like week in 1891. Business failures show another marked increase, numbering 323 throughout the United States, against 279 last week, 295 in the week a year ago, and 358 in the third week of November, 1893. In the corresponding week, 1892, the total was only 185. The bulk of the increase is in the middle and western states.

HORROR NARROWLY AVERTED.

Cleveland Comes Near Having a More Terrible Disaster to Record.

CLEVELAND, Nov. 23.—One foot of space was all that lay between three loaded passenger cars on the Superior street viaduct and a horror that would have eclipsed the one a week ago. The first car was about twelve feet from the closed gates of the draw and behind it at intervals were two other cars, all waiting for the draw to close. In some inexplicable manner the rear car got the electric current and started, pushing the other cars to the chasm.

Brakes were set with feverish and frantic haste, and just as the forward car was within a foot of the gates the cars were brought to a standstill. There was a fearful panic among the passengers, but fortunately but one was hurt. Mrs. George Schindler, who was painfully injured in jumping from the cars. Several other women fainted and had to be taken home in carriages.

Costly Fire at Chicago.

CHICAGO, Nov. 22.—The Excelsior building, Canal and Jackson streets, and the eight-story brick structure adjoining on South Canal street, were completely destroyed by fire yesterday afternoon. Not less than thirteen valuable manufacturing plants were located in the two buildings, including the Shober-Carqueville Lithographing company, Charles Emmerich Feather company, and the large establishment of Strauss, Eisendrath & Drom. The total loss is not less than $650,000. The fire was a hard one to subdue, and was attended with no little danger. The escape of several hundred girls from Strauss, Eisendrath & Drom's factory was made possible only by coolness and decision.

World's Fair Medals.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 22.—The World's fair medals will be finished in a few days. In view of the fact that the bureau of awards has charge of their distribution, however, exhibitors will not get them till February, as President Palmer says the board will not meet till the diplomas are finished, and that will not be till February.

Disasters on the British Coast.

LONDON, Nov. 26.—The storm which has been raging along the British coast since Saturday last continues, and reports of many disasters are arriving here. The gale is so violent that it is not safe for the channel boats to leave port, and in consequence channel service has been entirely suspended.

Three Americans Unjustly Imprisoned.

DEMING, N. M., Nov. 26.—News has been received here that three Americans are unjustly imprisoned at Ascension, Mex.

THE MARKETS.

New York Financial.

NEW YORK, Nov. 25.

Money on call nominally 1½@2 per cent; prime mercantile paper, 3½@5 per cent; sterling exchange firm, with actual business in bankers' bills at 488¼@488¾ for demand, and 487½@487¾ for sixty days; posted rates, 488½@489; commercial bills, 486½.

Silver certificates, 67½@68; no sales; bar silver, 67⅞. Mexican dollars, 54.

United States government bonds steady; new 4's reg., 123½; do coupons, 123½; 5's reg. 114¼; 4's reg., 111½; coupons, 111¾; 2's reg., 97; Pacific 6's of '95, 102.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

CHICAGO, Nov. 25.

The following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—November, opened 56c, closed 56⅝c. December, opened 58¼c, closed 58⅞c; May, opened 60½c, closed 61¼c. Corn—November, opened 27½c, closed 27⅝c. December, opened 29⅞c, closed 29¾c; May, opened 29¾c, closed 30c. Oats—November, nominal, closed 17½c; December, opened 17½c, closed 18c; May, opened 20½c, closed 20¾c. Pork — December, nominal, closed $8.05; January, opened $9.00, closed $9.00; May, opened $9.27½, closed $9.40. Lard—November, nominal, closed $5.40; January, opened $5.50, closed $5.52½.

Produce: Butter—Extra creamery, 22½c per lb.; extra dairy, 19c; packing stock, 11@12c. Eggs—Fresh stock, 19@19½c per doz. Dressed poultry—Spring chickens, 6½@7c per lb.; old hens, 6c; roosters, 4½c; turkeys, 8@9c; ducks, 9c; geese, 8@9c. Potatoes—Burbanks, 20@22c per bu.; sweet potatoes, Illinois, $2.00@2.50 per bbl. Apples—Fair to choice, $1.25@3.00 per bbl. Honey—White clover, 1 lb sections, fancy, 13@14c; broken comb, 12c; extracted, 5@6c per lb. Cranberries—Cape Cod, $7.50@8.50 per bbl.

Chicago Live Stock.

CHICAGO, Nov. 25.

Live Stock—Prices at the Union Stock yards today ranged as follows: Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day, 48,000; sales ranged at $3.25@3.60 pigs, $3.45@3.65 light, $3.40@3.50 rough packing, $3.45@3.67½ mixed, and $3.55@3.70 heavy packing and shipping lots.

Cattle—Estimated receipts for the day, 18,000; quotations ranged at $4.65@4.90 choice to extra shipping steers, $4.25@4.65 good to choice do, $3.60@4.20 fair to good, $3.30@3.65 common to medium do, $3.00@3.30 butchers' steers, $2.25@2.85 stockers, $3.00@3.75 feeders, $1.50@3.50 cows, $2.40@3.70 heifers, $1.75@3.60 bulls, $2.60@3.35 Texas steers, $2.80@3.90 western range steers and $3.00@6.00 veal calves.

Sheep—Estimated receipts for the day, 13,000; sales ranged at $1.75@3.25 westerns, $1.75@3.60 Texas, $1.75@4.40 natives, and $2.65@4.60 lambs.

St. Louis Grain.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 25.

Wheat—Cash 61c; December, 56¼c; May, 61¼c. Corn—Cash, 24¼c; December, 24¼c; January, 21½c did; May, 28½c. Oats—Cash, 17½c; December, 17½c; May, 20½c.

Detroit Grain.

DETROIT, Nov. 25.

Wheat—Cash white, 58c; cash red, 65¾c; December, 65¾c; May, 67½c asked.

HISTORY OF A WEEK

Wednesday, Nov. 20.

Louis Helstron was killed by the falling of an elevator in the Illinois Steel company's works, Chicago.

Michael H. Maher, who is wanted at Leadville, Colo., for the alleged embezzlement of about $1,000 from the Dold Packing company last February, has been arrested at Los Angeles.

Cyrus H. McCormick, head of the harvesting machine plant, has invited his Chicago office attaches, numbering about 100, to witness the marriage of his brother Harold and Miss Rockefeller at the Fifth avenue Baptist church in New York next Tuesday.

Danish millers have petitioned the Danish government to impose an experimental duty on imported flour.

It is reported that Prince Henry of Battenberg has decided to join the staff of the commander of the expedition to Ashantee.

John King, alias "Goodwin," a professional burglar, tried to kill Wong Sing in his laundry at Chicago with a piece of gas-pipe. Sing whipped the thief into a state of insensibility. The Chinaman will probably die of his injuries, while the thug will recover.

Thursday, Nov. 21.

The decision of the Minnesota supreme court in the Hayward case has been filed and affirms the action of the lower court. Hayward will be hanged Dec. 6, probably.

Ex-State Comptroller Edward W. Hipple, of New York, has been taken to the Utica state hospital. His insanity has taken a bent toward arson. He consented to his own commitment.

Dalton and Henry Arnold, sons of the Rev. T. N. Arnold, of Frankfort, Ky., were drowned while fishing off the Florida coast.

Bechuanaland chiefs, Khama, Sebele and Bathoen, paid a visit to the queen at Windsor and delivered their presents to her majesty, who presented the chiefs with suitable gifts in return.

Mrs. Gertrude Mueller, of Chicago, reported to the police that her husband, Ernest, has eloped with his cousin, Etta Tucker.

The coal strike at Leavenworth, Kan., has been settled after four weeks of stubborn fighting.

Friday, Nov. 22.

Calbriver William Kueston ordered his supper in a restaurant at Chicago, sat down and then shot himself through the head. He died at the county hospital.

Colonel Fitzgerald, the New York restaurant man who was arrested for dressing his waiter girls in bloomers, has sued the city for $10,000 damages.

Marie Jansen and the members of the "Merry Countess" company struck at New York because the ghost had failed to walk for a month.

John Dillon, the home ruler, married Miss Matthew, daughter of Justice Matthew, at London. The pope sent his blessing.

Work of moving the Immanuel Baptist church, a massive stone edifice with a steeple 225 feet high, fifty feet from its present site on rails, is in progress at Chicago. The building weighs 13,000 tons. The Baptists expect to get into the church again by New Year's Day.

The latest news about the death of the queen of Corea is that she was soaked in oil and then set on fire. Thirty of her attendants, it is stated, were butchered.

Saturday, Nov. 23.

Ex-Senator J. J. Ingalls, of Kansas, was to have lectured in the Central Presbyterian church at Denver, but a telegram came from him at Colorado Springs saying that he had been taken ill and should start for home at once.

Thomas Mabe and his two sons were burned fatally by a fire which destroyed their brandy distillery, near Danbury, in Stokes county, N. C.

New York merchants withdrew $5,000,000 gold from the treasury for export today.

Mike Schingowitz, a young man who left his home in Hankinson, N. D., in search of a wife, finally found his affinity in the person of Miss Sadie Thornton, of Neenah, Wis., whom he wooed, won and wedded all inside of twenty-four hours.

Professor Brooks, director of Smith observatory, Geneva, N. Y., has discovered a new comet in constellation Hydra, position right ascension, 9 hours, 51 minutes, 50 seconds; declination south 17 degrees, 40 minutes.

Monday, Nov. 25.

The pope is suffering from throat troubles.

Hereafter the laborers employed in the government navy yards will be classed as "excellent," "good" and "poor," and be given work according to their class.

Ex-President Harrison is the guest of his daughter, Mrs. McKee, at Saratoga, N. Y.

Sovereign has been chosen as the K. of L. fraternal delegate to the National Farmers' Alliance convention.

A dispatch from Lima, Peru, says that the relations between President Pierola and congress are strained over questions in which the Roman Catholic church is interested. Mobs of the church party have attacked the opposition on the streets.

Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, of Massachusetts, was a passenger on board the American Line steamship St. Paul, which has arrived at New York.

The National Educational association will hold its next annual meeting at Buffalo provided the railways will give satisfactory terms in the way of time, rates and side-trips.

Russia has put on her index expurgatorious the book "Slav and Moslem," written by Broadhead, an American.

Rich Red Blood

Is the Foundation of the Wonderful Cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

That is Why the cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla are CURES.

That is Why Hood's Sarsaparilla cures the severest cases of Scrofula, Salt Rheum and other blood diseases.

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THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

TERMS:

One Year, Single Subscription $2.00
Six Months 1.00
Single Copies 05

All Subscriptions payable in Advance.

Entered at the Postoffice, Chicago, for transmission through the Mail as second-class matter.

The publishers will not be responsible for any money forwarded through the mail, unless it is sent by Express Money Order, Postoffice Order, Draft, or Registered Letter.

All Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the Editor. All business letters should be addressed to The Citizen Newspaper Company.

Official Newspaper of the United Irish Societies of Chicago and Cook County.

CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 30, 1895.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and Lasalle-sts.—English Opera Company.

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—"The Witch."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—Mrs. Potter and Mr. Bellew.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Primrose & West's Minstrels.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—"Palmer Cox's Brownies."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st. between Halsted and Union—"Black Crook."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—Columbia Comic Opera Co.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—Joseph Jefferson, "Rip Van Winkle."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Halsted street, between Madison and Monroe—"A Girl Wanted."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of Gettysburg.

WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets—Libby Prison.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

THE GREAT ANCIENT ORDER.

In these days of societies, associations, fraternities and brotherhoods without number, it is pleasant to notice among the many, one which welcomes and shelters the Irish Catholic alone—the Ancient Order of Hibernians. It is greater in numbers, organization, and amount of benefits than any other society which has the courage to publish its work. "Friendship, Unity and True Christian Charity" is the motto whose principles actuate and inspire its members. Loyalty to one another under all circumstances, assistance to the needy at any cost, and fidelity to the precepts of mother church, are the virtues which win the respect and retain the membership of the only distinctively Irish Catholic organization in the world. The path of progress, at time bestrewn with thorns, has been one of triumph for the men of the A.O.H., notwithstanding the attacks of prejudiced journals and frothing Knownothings. This society has proved itself a benefit to our communities, its members an honor to our citizenship, and its rules in accord with our country's laws.

For thirty years the Ancient Order of Hibernians have toiled in our midst for the cause of faith and race. Their work has been of that earnest and devoted character which is inspired by love united to principle. Love led them to forgive errors and remain blind to shortcomings, while principle bound them to justice and self-sacrifice. Looking back over the career of the Hibernian Society in this State, and carefully studying their unpretending, unostentatious methods, one is forced to the conclusion that but for this noble Order of men, coming entirely from the ranks of the middle classes, the cause of Irish nationality on this side of the Atlantic would be at a very low ebb indeed. When, some seventeen years ago, the sad news of Ireland's distress reached America's shores, it was the Hibernian organization which made successful the appeals for help. It was the nucleus around which were gathered the children of the scattered Gael, and to the enthusiasm and energy of that society was due the success of the many magnificent demonstrations held in the cities of America. The Land League, during its short yet brilliant career, was mainly sustained by the patriotic Ancient Order men, who were the bone and sinew of its membership. It was successful in its appeals and a power of strength for the Parliamentary party in Ireland until the A.O.H. grew wearied of the unpleasant spectacles of disunion and faction which disgraced the political arena of the motherland. From the moment the members of the A.O.H. began to lessen their efforts in the ranks of the League, the fortunes of the latter organization began to wane. In every effort since, the Hibernians have been the moving spirit. Other men and other societies than theirs may have the honors of prominence and notoriety, but the Hibernian is satisfied with the self-consciousness of having accomplished something for the elevation of the race of his forefathers.

Historical tradition tells us the progenitors of the society were the guardians and guides of the fleeing priest in penal times. The devotion of older days to church and priest burns as fervently today, and was magnificently demonstrated in the splendid reception tendered the popular Archbishop of Chicago a few weeks since in the exclusive residence district of Hyde Park.

In loving attempt to save the tongue of Gaodhal from extinction, the Ancient Order of Hibernians have appropriated the sum of fifty thousand dollars for the endowment of a Gaelic chair in the Catholic University at Washington, D.C., and despite a period of almost unequalled financial depression they have almost completed the collection of this large amount of money, from a membership whose ranks are almost entirely composed of men who are the worst sufferers in days of money stringency.

Nor have they been wanting in sterner works, because when the call went forth for Irish-Americans to assemble and decide on a future policy in Ireland's cause, there came from North and South, from East and West the men of the A.O.H. to join in the deliberations of the convention which gave birth to the Irish National Alliance. In fact the names of the most prominent leaders in the convention referred to, were for the most part those of men high in office and prominent in the ranks of that organization.

Certainly so noble a society, so distinguished an order has earned and is worthy of the congratulations and gratitude of the race in whose cause they long have labored. When the pilgrim children of the Gael return to the green vales and brown hills of their forefathers to enjoy the freedom long sought for, it will be their pleasant duty to emblazon on the record of fame the work of the Hibernians, and her patriots will entwine the regalia of the Grand Old Order with laurels of merit won by the gallant fight in Ireland's cause of tens of generations of America's best and bravest citizens—the members of the Ancient Order of Hibernians.

THE NEW MOVEMENT.

Despite the lukewarmness of the more tepid supporters of Irish nationality and the sneers of the English peers, the New Movement, with its ringing evangel of unrelenting hostility to England until the last strand in the cable that binds the fettered limbs of Ireland has been eternally severed, has, we trust, come to conquer and to avenge. To England, with her large and enmeshing foreign relations, there are countless opportunities open to Irish aggression. Wrapped in the folds of isolation, Britain is without a friend in the Europe of today. Her empire rests upon a foundation of bayonets, and not upon the good will of the world. As an oppressor in Ireland, as a tyrant in Africa, or as a bully in Asia—wherever the Union Jack flies there is a secret disaffection which awaits but a European struggle to fan into a flame. In the name of an outraged civilization she is ready to crush the struggling natives of India with as rigid a dispatch as that in which she crushed the gallant but ill-fated Riel on Canadian soil. As it was upon "far foreign fields" that the old Brigade achieved success, so does the same domain await the efforts of the New Movement. Russia, in her desperate efforts to reach the southern seas and gain the mastery of Asia, will eagerly grasp the Irish hand in aid and friendship. Many a Rajah or subject potentate would do likewise in India's wide domain. The mutiny of '57 is not yet forgotten, and the hated Feringee is yet distrusted by the subtle Hindoo. France, hostile as of yore, joins in with the Latin races in dislike of the grasping Britisher, so that it would take something more luminous than the lamp of Diogenes to find a friend of the "empire" in Europe. The marriage alliances which England has courted with so much assiduity are vain. The people are the real rulers when it comes to a "show down," to use a sporting phrase. It is from their leashes that the dogs of war are let slip, and not from the bejeweled hands of kings.

With this condition confronting England, there is outside of Ireland a hope for Ireland. Espionage and dragoonism rule in the old green land from Mizen Head to Cape Clear, and if freedom would yet throw light upon her shores the lamp must be borne by her foreign-born offspring. History repeats itself, and the opportunities which the American Celt is now about to grasp were seized by the Franco and Spanish-Irish in the long wars of the last century. Ireland awaits the awakening hand of force. For the efficacy of its accomplishment seek the guns of Dungannon. No other leader than Parnell grasped that situation so thoroughly, and hence he was never found attempting to check the more potent hostility of advanced revolution.

The tide of Irish endeavor is again upon the turn. To the impatience that is manifesting itself at home concerning the futility of so-called constitutional action, which now stands a confessed failure after more than twenty years, there is arising a feeling akin to that which spurred the Ireland of Dungannon and Grattan onward to legislative freedom. If the yoke of religious and racial rancour had not bound the national energies of the old green land, total separation would have been Ireland's price for peace, at the close of the stirring period of 1782.

Ireland has the surest guarantee for ultimate success in Britain's weakness. Standing upon a volcano beneath which seethe the fires of foreign intrigue, the foundation of the English empire rests upon no bed of roses. In the long history of a nation's future there are many possibilities, and surely not in our day is there a grander project than that which, under the aegis of the New Movement, is destined to effect the emancipation of the Poland of the West.

THE FIRE KING.

The dread character of fire's ravages was instanced in last week's fatal conflagration at Franklin and Van Buren streets, when four heroic firemen—Thomas Prendergast, John Downs, Martin Circk, and Patrick O'Donnell—met death undivested of its fiercest horrors. Among the elemental foes of man fire stands in an unenviable position of pre-eminence. Storms at sea and cyclones on land, though productive of destruction to life and property, are unaccompanied by the horrifying details which surround fire's lurid rapine. The agonizing scenes witnessed when the human form, amid a sea of fire and in sight of distracted friends, disappears with the falling roof or the crumbling wall, are absent from other forms of death. The aqueous element is in great measure subjugated by the friendly aid of science. The cyclonic attack is in no small manner withstood by the erection of storm-huts in the cyclone belt, but in the case of fire man's control is as yet in its infancy. The loftiest structures but feed its fury. The labor of months and the accumulation of vast wealth disappear like snow before a summer sun at the breath of the Fire King. Human life departs amid scenes sickening in their details. Impartial as death, fire strikes down alike the stalwart fireman and the delicate factory girl. To the families of the former who perished last week, to whom fire is a lifelong foe to be dreaded more than the armed host, the sympathy of the public should go out in an effectively financial manner. Even from a selfish point of view it "pays" to protect the lives of our firemen. Foremost among the measures of protection should be the abolition of the "sky-scraper" and the erection in the factory districts, at least, of none but fireproof structures.

NOTICE.

THE CITIZEN is compelled, on account of its lengthy report of the Allen, Larkin and O'Brien meeting, to hold over considerable editorial matter, correspondence, etc.

MR. PHILIP KAVANAGH, of this city, accompanied by his brother, Edward, sailed from New York Wednesday on the White Star liner Germania for a three months' trip to Ireland. The Kavanagh brothers are natives of historic Wexford, townland of Ballymurray, near Enniscorthy. They come of good "rebel" stock and their grandfathers helped Father Murphy to wipe out the North Cork at Oulart Hill. THE CITIZEN wishes the Messrs. Kavanagh a prosperous voyage, a happy time and a safe return.

THE funerals of the brave firemen who lost their lives under a falling brick wall at the Exchange Building fire, were held Monday. Patrick J. O'Donnell, John Downs and Thomas J. Prendergast were buried in Calvary and Martin Circk in the Bohemian cemetery at Norwood Park. Services were conducted in different churches, but the funeral processions met at Halsted and Eighteenth streets and went to Harrison street and Ashland avenue together. The funeral of Martin Circk took place at St. John's Bohemian church, Twenty-fifth street and Portland avenue; that of P. J. O'Donnell at the Church of the Sacred Heart, Nineteenth street and Johnson avenue; and in All Saints' Church, Wallace street and Twenty-fifth place there was a dual ceremony for John Downs and Thomas J. Prendergast. Crowds thronged all the edifices and firemen's uniforms were everywhere conspicuous. The St. Louis department was represented by Assistant Chief Hillenkoelter, Harry Bridge, Alonzo Salmora and John Ammon. Floral offerings were profuse. Upon Thomas J. Prendergast's coffin was the helmet worn by him when he met death. A floral design at Lieutenant O'Donnell's funeral represented a fire alarm box, the gift of engine company No 15.

AN appeal was made last Sunday by the pastors of the Holy Family church. It was to the faithful of the congregation for the annual contributions in behalf of the poor intrusted to the care of the St. Vincent de Paul society. The west side of the city has been populated principally by the working classes and numerous persons living there are out of employment, hence their needs become greater. Application after application is made for clothing, fuel and groceries, which are supplied according to the limited funds of the society. The reverend pastor, M. P. Dowling, S. J., who is also spiritual adviser of the St. Vincent de Paul society, exhorted his hearers to contribute or secure from others such goods as probably would not be salable, such as sample clothing or shop worn goods, broken cases of canned goods, flour, tea, canned meats, contributions of coal, soap and groceries of all description. These can be used to good advantage in relieving the poor. Even cast-off clothing will be called for if persons having such will notify Rev. M. P. Dowling, S. J., 413 West Twelfth street.

THE Irish Nationalists of Cleveland, O., held a grand celebration in honor of Allen, Larkin and O'Brien at Parnell Hall in that city. Addresses were delivered by Messrs. John Walsh, M. P., Mooney and others; an excellent musical and literary programme was also rendered. Resolutions were adopted indorsing the Irish National Alliance, and it is asserted by the patriotic Irishmen of Cleveland that they will soon have a large and active council of the new organization.

THE regular quarterly meeting of the St. Vincent de Paul Society will be held Sunday Dec. 8, at 3 o'clock p.m., at Sodality building, May and Eleventh streets, in "Temperance Hall." Members of the various councils of the Society in the city will be in attendance.

O'CONNELL'S STATUE.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

[Lines addressed to the patriot sculptor, Hogan, by the poet in 1844.]

Chisel the likeness of The Chief
Not in gaiety, nor grief;
Change not by your art to stone
Ireland's laugh, or Ireland's moan.
Dark her tale, and none can tell
Its fearful chronicle so well.
Her frame is bent—her wounds are deep—
Who, like him, her woes can weep?
He can be gentle as a bride,
While none can rule with kinglier pride.
Calm to hear and wise to prove,
Yet gay as lark in soaring love.
Well it were posterity
Should have some image of his glee;
That easy humor, blossoming
Like the thousand flowers of spring!
Glorious the marble which could show
His bursting sympathy for woe.
Could catch the pathos, flowing wild
Like mother's milk to craving child.

And oh! how princely were the art
Could mould his mien or tell his heart,
When sitting sole on Tara's hill,
While hung a million on his will!
Yet not in gaiety, nor grief,
Chisel the image of our chief,
Nor even in that haughty hour
When a Nation owned his power.

But would you by your art unroll
His own, and Ireland's secret soul,
And give to other times to scan
The greatest greatness of the man?
Fierce defiance let him be
Hurling at our enemy—
From a base as fair and sure
As our love is true and pure.
Let his statue rise as tall
And firm as a castle wall;
On his broad brow let there be
A type of Ireland's history;
Pious, generous, deep and warm,
Strong and changeful as a storm;
Let whole centuries of wrong
Upon his recollection throng—
Strongbow's force and Henry's wile,
Tudor's wrath and Stuart's guile,
And iron Strafford's tiger jaws
And brutal Brunswick's penal laws;
Not forgetting Saxon faith,
Not forgetting Norman scaith,
Not forgetting William's word,
Not forgetting Cromwell's sword.

Let the Union's fetter vile—
The shame and ruin of our isle—
Let the blood of 'Ninety-eight
And our present blighting fate,
Let the poor mechanic's lot
And the peasant's ruined cot,
Plundered wealth and glory flown,
Ancient honors overthrown—
Let trampled altar, rifled urn,
Knit his brow to purpose stern.
Mould all this into one thought,
Like wizard cloud with thunder fraught;

Still let our glories through it gleam,
Like fair flowers through a flooded stream,
Or like a flashing wave at night,
Bright—'mid the solemn darkness bright.
Let the memory of old days
Shine through the statesman's anxious face—
Dathi's power and Brian's fame,
And headlong Sarsfield's sword of flame,
And the spirit of Red Hugh,
And the pride of 'Eighty-two,
And the victories HE won
And the hope that leads him on!

Let whole armies seem to fly
From his threatening hand and eye;
Be the strength of all the land
Like a falchion in his hand,
And be his gesture sternly grand.
A braggart tyrant sword to smite
A people struggling for their right—
O'Connell dared him to the field,
Content to die, but never yield.

Fancy such a soul as his,
In a moment such as this,
Like cataract or foaming tide,
Or army charging in its pride.
Thus he spoke, and thus he stood,
Proffering in our cause his blood.
Thus his country loves him best—
To image this is your behest.
Chisel thus, and thus alone,
If to man you'd change the stone.

THOMAS DAVIS.

Eighty-First Anniversary of the Birth of the Great Irish Poet and Patriot.

The Dublin Young Ireland League Keeps His Name and Teachings Fresh in the Mind of the Ireland of To-day.

On Nov. 4, the eighty-first anniversary of the birth of Thomas Davis was commemorated in the Ancient concert rooms, Dublin, by a concert of Irish music, and an address on the deceased patriot. The occasion, as was very natural, was also availed of to commemorate the foundation of the Young Ireland movement with which for all time the name of Thomas Davis will be indissolubly associated. The celebration was organized and conducted by the members of the Dublin Young Ireland League, who deserve the greatest credit for their patriotic forethought and practical endeavor to keep the name and teachings of Davis fresh in the mind of the Ireland of today.

Mr. John O'Leary, who presided at the celebration, in introducing the lecturer, delivered a short, pungent address. He said he always felt very happy in being present at those Davis celebrations. Davis was to him pretty much what he had been all his life—his prophet and his guide. Unfortunately, he felt that Davis was very little to the Ireland of today. Still he hoped and believed that there were many men here and there to whom Davis must still be a guide and a comfort. But, so far as they could see from almost anything that appeared in the press, on the platform, and, he might add, in the public life of Ireland, Davis might as well never have been. If the gospel of Davis that he had been iterating and reiterating ad nauseam, perhaps—

"For freedom comes from God's right hand
And needs a godly train,
'Tis righteous men must make our land
A nation once again."

—if that gospel did not return in some shape or form to impress itself upon the Ireland of the present day, he had simply to say that they could enjoy no sort of freedom of soul, and they could do very little for the freedom of their native land. He did not care to trench much, except in a general way, upon present-day Irish politics, but there was one word he would like to say upon one slight matter. There had been a good deal of talk going on in Ireland on what was called "union," but they were told nothing about what that union was to be for. If it was to be a union for a new "union of hearts" then he was dead against it (applause). If it was to be a union for some latter-day form of nationality he certainly would not be for it. The fact of it was that he was for no union that was anything short of a union against the accursed Union (applause). As far as he could calculate, roughly speaking, there were about five parties, or divisions of parties, of so-called Nationalists in Ireland at the present time, and he believed the same number in America. He was not so sure that he should have regretted all this disunion so much if even Davis' three hundred men or three men united in common honesty, common honor, or common self-sacrifice for the good of the country. He would prefer such a union as that to a union of millions without those principles he had mentioned (hear, hear).

The following telegram was read from the McCracken Literary Society, Belfast:

"Congratulate you. Wish your meeting every success. Remember '48.
"CLARKE."

Mr. George Coffey then delivered his address as follows: In the history of every nation there is of evil and of good. But while the soul lives it is by the good done in the nation, not the evil, that it lives. Famous deeds, proud traditions, noble sacrifices—these the nation gathers along its ancient way, these it weaves into its story, molding its character, quickening its young hearts. Noble lives, happily representative lives, are the greatest wealth a nation may possess. They fix the types, make firm the purpose, and in their generations lift the character of the nation. In his own time or since no man has exercised so great a power for good over the hearts and intellects of young Ireland as Thomas Davis (applause)—an influence which our friend, Mr. Rolleston, well says was not withdrawn, but rather bequeathed by his death. It is not my intention to recount to you this evening the incidents of the life of Thomas Davis; they are, I trust, familiar to most of those here. Let me briefly recall the important dates.

Thomas Davis was born in 1814; in in 1831, at the age of 17, he entered Trinity College; then began his student days, in which he bent himself to the study of Irish history and general history, ripening to utterance in his address to the Historical Society in 1840. Two years bring us to the founding of the *Nation* in 1842, and then three short years of passionate energy, in which Davis' life work was done, closed by death in September, 1845. As I have said I do not purpose to tell the history of Davis and his times. I seek rather to lay before you those principles of Irish patriotism which guided his life. Principles which, if we would find a way in this day of doubt and disaster, we must keep ever by us as the touchstone of our actions. But, firstly, I would say something of the character of Davis. What most impresses me as the central spring of his life is his faith. It is this quality of faith that distinguishes the leader of men from the politician. The politician is a man of opinions rather than of beliefs—one who lives from day to day adapting circumstances to an immediate advantage. The leader sets his course across the years. He joins to intense conviction, faith that life, and the life of nations is not a matter of chance and accident. It is the sense that the issue is in other hands which enables such men to make the impossible possible, which gives them strength to stand alone among their fellowmen, and instinctively compels other men to lean on them.

Thus, I read the testimony of one of the comrades of Davis: "They had the same careless confidence in him men have in the operations of nature, where irregularity and aberration do not exist." And again I find it in a passage in his address to the Historical Society: "Perchance 'tis a fanciful thing, yet in the misfortunes of Ireland, in her laurelled martyrs, in those who died 'persecuted men for a persecuted country,' in the necessity she was under of bearing the palms to deck her best to the scaffold-foot and the lost battlefield, she has seemed to be chastened for some great future. I have thought I saw her spirit from her dwelling her sorrowing place among the tombs, rising, not without melancholy, yet with a purity and brightness beyond other nations, and I thought that God had made her purpose firm and her heart just." And in verse again, in the noble lines quoted by your chairman:

"For freedom comes from God's right hand
And needs a godly train,
And righteous men must make our land
A nation once again."

If we would understand what Davis and, under his inspiration, the Young Ireland party accomplished we must understand what he strove for. Nay, more; if we would seek the secret of his influence we must believe in the nationality he believed in. The conception of Irish nationality he ever kept before him was a nationality, the principles of which, foreshadowed by O'Donnell and O'Neill, were established by Tone and the United Irishmen. In three short years his life work was done; he had placed those principles for all time beyond the tide-mark of change and party. The nationality of Davis was not a nationality of class or creed; it was a nationality of Ireland. It was not a nationality of hate of England, though Davis was no lover of England; it was creative not destructive, positive not negative; it was the expression of the right of each and every community of men, defined by God a nation, to live its own life, to develop its own ideals, to take up its allotted work in the progress of humanity. In a word, to "give back to Ireland her separate heart." George Eliot has expressed this ideal of nationality in words charged with electric meaning: "The life of a people grows; it is knit together, and yet expanded, in joy and sorrow, in thought and action; it absorbs the thought of other nations into its own forms, and gives back the thought as new wealth to the world; it is a power and an organ in the great body of the nations. But there may be a check, an arrest; memories may be stifled and love may be faint for lack of them, or may shrink into withered relics—the soul of a people, whereby they know themselves to be one, may seem to be dying for want of common action. But who shall say, 'the fountain of their life is dried up; they shall forever cease to be a nation?' Who shall say it? Not he who feels the life of his people stirring within his own." May we not say that the words I have read to you embody the faith and character, the nationality of Davis? To rouse in the people of Ireland—the Protestant and the Catholic, the lord and the peasant—the consciousness of that nationality was his one thought.

To this end he strove to make the landed and professional classes of Ireland, who had attached themselves to the English interest, feel the humiliation of their dependent position. He sought to sting them into some sense of their provincialism; to make them feel that as Irishmen they would be respected, as imitators of English thought and ways they must be despised. They might borrow the vices of England; they could not borrow her virtues. National character is not bought and sold in the market-place. How noble the rebuke: "It is not a gambling fortune, made at Imperial play, Ireland wants: it is the pious and stern cultivation of her faculties and virtues, the acquisition of faithful and exact habits, and the self-respect that rewards a dutiful and sincere life." To the people, in many forms, he urged the one thought, "self-reliance." "The first step to nationality is the open and deliberate recognition of it by the people themselves." But that nationality must be a nationality not only of feeling, but of knowledge. "We want to win Ireland," he said, "and to keep it. . . . But to be able to keep it, and use it, and govern it, the men of Ireland must know what it is, what it was, and what it can be made." And again this clear utterance, as true today as when Davis wrote, "The cheapness of books is now such that even Irish poverty is no excuse for Irish ignorance—that ignorance which prostrates us before England. We must help ourselves, and therefore we must educate ourselves."

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

Catarrh is a constitutional disease and cannot be cured by local applications. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a constitutional remedy; it cures catarrh because it purifies the blood.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable and do not purge, pain or gripe. Sold by all druggists.

THE married men's sodality of the Holy Family parish held a very important election in their chapel last Sunday for the election of prefect and two assistants for the coming year, which resulted in the re-election of Mr. James J. Keenan as prefect, and Messrs. Daniel H. O'Brien and Joseph B. Breen assistant prefects. Mr. James J. Keenan needs no introduction, he has been elected to succeed himself so often from an organization of over 1000 members that it speaks volumes in his favor; Daniel H. O'Brien has been consulter in the counsel of the society, and a member of the bureau of publication, Joseph B. Breen, besides the honor conferred on him by the married men's sodality, which he is justly entitled to, has had similar honors conferred on him by the young men's sodality, which also elected him to the high office of prefect.

West Baden and French Lick Springs.

Commencing Wednesday, May 15, and continuing every Wednesday and Saturday night thereafter, a special Sleeping Car will be run direct from Chicago to West Baden and French Lick Springs via the Monon Route, returning Thursday and Sunday nights. Tickets and Sleeping Car reservations at City Ticket Office, 232 Clark street, Telephone Main 174.

DIED FOR LIBERTY!

The Irish Nationalists of Chicago Honor the Memory of Allen, Larkin and O'Brien

At a Large and Enthusiastic Meeting Held in Central Music Hall Last Saturday Night,

And Give Hearty Indorsement to the Principles of the Irish National Alliance.

Mr. Matthew P. Brady Was the Chairman of the Great Meeting.

The Oration of the Evening Delivered by Mr. Clarence S. Darrow.

[CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

even Ireland, I forget the negro one single hour." Here is a lesson for our compromising jockey statesmen—our schemers and legislative hucksters; our political pawnbrokers, who trade any principal for a vote. O'Connell was a statesman and his name will live forever—these are politicians, and even their infamy will die.

After O'Connell's death, Ireland was left without a champion or defender; gradually she drifted back toward the political oblivion, where she reposed before. The Fenian movement sought to complete, by force, the good work that O'Connell accomplished by long years of almost superhuman strength and matchless power. The Fenian movement was literally strangled to death on a hundred scaffolds and smothered in a thousand dungeons; no hope came to Ireland again until the rising of that brilliant star, the dawning of that refulgent sun—Charles Stewart Parnell. Here Ireland had another leader, not gifted with the eloquence of O'Connell, but, perhaps, with more than O'Connell's capacity to gather and organize all the forces for a long campaign. Parnell found the Irish cause shattered and broken, scattered and impotent as the sands upon the coast; by his great power and devotion, he united these shifting fragments into a phalanx as resistless as Cæsar's hollow square. He, like O'Connell, proved his devotion to Ireland by his strength and courage in the darkest hours. Neither flattery, position or prisons could swerve him from the cause he loved. Would that Ireland had been as faithful to this great leader, as this great leader was to her. Would that some of the thousands of garlands that his admiring countrymen lay upon his tomb could have been placed upon his brow while he could feel and feel; would that we might call back from the land of shadows this great chieftain, the devoted champion, this fearless patriot, and in his hands place the banner which should lead the Irish hosts. But Parnell has gone forever, his life and work are left to the judgment of history and the years to come; and if beyond the earth in the great unseen this trusted warrior yet lives and battles for the right, let us hope that he may meet a higher, and juster and more charitable tribunal than the one that judged him here; let us hope that in the land beyond, if such a land exists, that in the final judgment the good deeds are not forgotten in making up the general balance, which alone can tell where we belong.

Parnell is dead, the Irish army is broken and scattered; as of old, the leaders are so busy destroying each other that the common cause is forgotten and the field abandoned to the victorious hosts. The last election has left Ireland almost unrepresented in parliament, her friends stricken down all over the British empire, and the cause of home rule buried beneath the greatest political avalanche that has swept Britain for fifty years. In the midst of this disaster and defeat, her friends helpless and hopeless, once more look to the sword of liberation. Whether this policy is wise or unwise, I shall not discuss tonight; it was not the policy of O'Connell, but it was the policy of Washington. Wiser men than I must counsel such a move, for talking is one thing, fighting quite another. But here let me say, whether I speak of Ireland, of Poland or America, that all history justifies the right of revolution. All that we enjoy was born of rebellion—of a protest against the ruling power, not by resolutions and paper ballots, but with gun and sword. To honor Washington, Franklin, Jefferson and Paine we must respect the right of revolution for which they so bravely plead and fought. Neither will it do for us to say that revolutions were once right, but now are wrong.

The history of the world, like the programme of a theatre, presents different names down through the ages, but the part they play in the great drama of life (or the small one) is the same in every land and age. But revolutions are not made, they are born. All the conspirators and agitators of the world, if left free to speak and act and plan, could not produce a respectable rebellion in the smallest kingdom unless the time was ripe. And all the armies and policemen of the earth could not hold one in check if the time had come. Nothing so hastens revolution as the despotism and intolerance of political institutions. A powerful French nobleman, just before the revolution, complained because Louis XV mildly rebuked him for shooting peasants; and the colonies of America would not have struck for freedom in 1776, except for the exaction of an insignificant tax. Sending disturbers to the scaffold and the jail does not quench the fire of liberty or kill the seeds of revolution. The hanging of Allen, Larkin and O'Brien was not the execution of the Irish cause. When the great negro chief, Toussaint L'Ouverture, was being led to exile for the San Domingo revolution, he said: "You think you have rooted up the tree of liberty, but I am only a branch. I have planted the tree itself so deep that ages will never root it up." And a French nobleman who joined the revolution, but in one of the wild paroxysms of the times was condemned to death, took his little boy in his arms before going to the guillotine and said: "My son, they will seek to wean you from liberty by telling you that it took the life of your father; do not believe them, but ever remain true to her sacred cause."

The right of revolution is planted deep in the heart of man; it is born of the dignity that causes him to feel his personality and defend his right to free and independent life; it is nurtured and aided by the unjust oppression that comes from without. Except for this, it would have no chance to grow. Again, man is a part of the general scheme; his movements are as much the subject of general law, as are the revolutions of the planets in their spheres. A convulsion of society is like any other convulsion of nature; it comes—we may or may not know the reason why. The French revolution was not the work of Rosseau and Voltaire; it did not come from teaching theories and making speeches. Through long weary years, French kings had wasted the substance of an empire in riotous living and princely indulgence; nobles and favored retainers had grown fat upon the sufferings of the poor; the church and clergy had become corrupt and greedy beyond measure. Beneath all this mass of privilege and vested right the poor peasant vainly struggled and staggered with his load. One day, without premeditation or thought, he arose and shook himself, and thrones and nobles and laws and institutions fell in one smouldering heap. Victor Hugo, in his immortal work, "Les Miserables," sends the kind priest to reason with the old dying revolutionist, who sat on the porch of his hermit's cottage, waiting for night and death, which were coming side by side. The priest upbraids him for the cruelty of the revolution; the old man rouses from his dying stupor and says: "You speak of the revolution—a storm has been gathering for a hundred years; it burst, you blame the thunderbolt." So the American revolution was not the work of Adams or Henry, or Franklin or Paine; it was neither of these, nor all of these who made the revolution of 1776; it was the cruel, unjust restrictions of centuries; it was the strong, constant, ever futile effort of conservatism, oppression and tyranny to hold back the resistless tide of progress; to restrain that great sea, which ever alternately ebbs and flows, but which still through all, is ever rising higher and higher and sweeping away thrones and empires and states, laws and customs and institutions, and slowly widening the liberty of man. So Ireland and all the Irish of the world cannot make a revolution; they may hold conventions and make speeches and pass resolutions, but if grievances are not real, if oppressions are not intolerable, the conflagration will not come. England, however, can bring revolution around her head. If just grievances go unheard and unrelieved; if complaints and demands are answered by the prison and greater coercion laws; if poverty and misery increase with growing wealth, then the thunderbolt will sometime fall.

The world is changing; laws and systems are being tried as they never were before. The spirit of freedom is abroad today upon the earth. The great hostile armies of Europe are no longer kept to be turned against alien lands but to shoot down discontent at home. All Europe and all Asia are anxiously watching for the general carnage to begin; and when it comes, who can foretell the end, or conjecture the shape of a European map after the war clouds pass away. In this great conflict—if conflict there is to be—will the poor and oppressed join the armies of their kings and fight their brethren of other lands? The workingmen of the world are fast learning the doctrine of the brotherhood of man; they are joining hands regardless of nation and of creed, for the common good of all; they are looking forward to that universal brotherhood, which has been the dream of the poet and the nightmare of the King. In such a cataclysm, the opportunity of the disinherited may come. If these lowering, threatening war clouds burst, as some day they must and will, then Ireland may break the chain that holds her an unwilling captive to the British power.

America has furnished a bright example of the beneficence of liberty and the wisdom of opportunity. The fathers here established freedom on the broadest plain the world had ever known, and the wide prairies and rich mountains, unfenced and unowned, gave all a chance to obtain the full reward that should ever come to toil. All the nations of the earth sent their disinherited to find a home, and flowing from liberty and opportunity they builded here a nation that was the wonder of the world. All the greatness of America, all her marvelous wealth, all the wonders that her short national life can show, are a monument to the wisdom of liberty and the power of opportunity. Wealth has been ever owned by the few and produced by the many; but no nation could create it as we once did unless every workman felt the inspiration that can only come through hope. After all of our building and making, shall we now destroy the vital principle which lies at the basis of all our greatness and our power? We stand today in the presence of the same danger that confronted Rome, and France, and England and all the nations of the past. Our liberty produced prosperity, and this prosperity today looks with doubting eye upon the mother who gave it breath and threatens to strangle her to death. Oh, you blind, mad power, lay not your hand upon that sacred thing, for liberty, though sometimes wild and mad, is still the most priceless gem of all the earth.

Injustice, oppression and wrong may always live, but it cannot exist forever in one form or place, and when the evils are great enough in some way the end will come. With the land and possessions of America rapidly passing into the hands of a favored few; with great corporations taking the place of individual effort, with the small shops going down before the great factories and department stores; with thousands of men and women in idleness and want; with wages constantly tending to a lower level; with the number of women and children rapidly increasing in factory and store; with the sight of thousands of children forced into involuntary slavery at the tender age that should find them at home or in school; with courts sending men to jail without trial by jury, for daring to refuse to work; with bribery and corruption openly charged constantly reiterated by the press, and universally believed, and above all and more than all, with the knowledge that the servants of the people, elected to correct abuses are bought and sold in legislative halls at the bidding of corporations and individuals; with all of these notorious evils sapping the foundations of popular government and destroying personal liberty; some rude awakening must come. And if it shall come in the lightening and tornado of civil war the same as forty years ago, when you look abroad over the ruin and desolation, remember the long years in which the storm was rising, and do not blame the thunderbolt.

To avert these dire calamities America needs true patriots, men who truly love their country and their fellow-men. She needs such heroes as those whose memory we observe today, who risked their property and their lives for their devotion to liberty and their native land. For long ago it was written down that "Greater love hath no man than this, that he gave his live to his fellow man." To-day as we recall these men and all of those who dared all and suffered all, not for personal glory and mean reward, but from devotion to a high purpose and a firm conviction, let us apply the lesson of their brave lives and heroic death to the present hour and the present place. Let us remember the history and traditions that have made us great and strong and let us above all preserve that liberty which alone gives dignity to man and value to life.

All that we have may be destroyed as by fire. Our cities may sink in disaster and ruin. The wealth of the past may perish in a night if liberty shall remain. America was once devastated by a four years' civil war; Chicago was swept away in flame, but the spirit of liberty, strong in the hearts of the people, gave them strength and courage to reclaim, and rebuilt them better and grander than before. But lay violent hands on that freedom which has been the guiding star of all our progress; destroy that liberty which has been the genius of our institutions and the hope and leaven of the world, and all our wealth and greatness and power will "dissolve like an unsubstantial bubble and leave no trace behind."

FOR THE CITIZEN.

STRIKE FOR FREEDOM.

Up, up! our country's pining
'Neath the stranger's yoke too long;
Let your blades with hope be shining.
And your arms with vengeance strong:
Let them swiftly fall and steady,
Dealing death with every blow;
Though drunk, still thirsting, ready
For the heart's blood of the foe.

Fling your banner to the storm—
Let it flutter in the gale,
There are manly hearts and warm
To defend old Innisfail:
Swear beneath its golden shadow
While your crimson currents run,
It shall wave o'er mount and meadow
Till our country's rights are won.

Shall you cringe beneath the fetters
That your foreign masters forge
While knave but knave abettors
On the nation's spoil to gorge?
Shall you lick like curs your scourges,
Shall you crouch with slavish mien?
Rise better for the surges
Of rebellion's flood, I ween.

Must our country still be wasted
Of its wealth, its worth, its fame?
Must freedom ne'er be tasted—
Shall you dare its blessings claim?
Let your tyrants foam and bluster;
Grasp the nation-saving sword;
Round your standard proudly muster,
Strike for Freedom and the Lord!

P. T. M'G.

OUR ENGLISH EDITORS.

[To the Editor.]

I enclose editorial from Chicago *Daily News* of the 21st ult. You will perceive that its tenor is quite English, you know.

There is entirely too much Anglo-Saxon in our American press; this explains the present attitude of that same press against American legislative measures. In this case the Anglo-Saxon crops out in defense of a titled dude—Marlborough. He appears to think that the people here desire to go out of their way to insult him. There are many insipid Anglo-Americans who go out of their way to pay obsequious adulation to any titled person of foreign birth, but I do not think that any American of good sense would pay any special attention to, nor would they insult gratuitously a British lord nor a German count; nor would that American look a second time at the fellow were it not for some special eccentricity exhibited by that titled personage.

In this country titles are a drug; for instance I find pothouse politicians sweating under the overawing cognomen of "honorable;" we find pugilistic district justices of the peace addressed as "your honor;" "his excellency," the governor of some state; "his worshipful presence" the grand master of certain societies, etc., etc.,—a great vocabulary of absurd and inconsistent appellations titles which fit the fellow which they apply to about as well as a horse-collar can fit a mouse.

Now, Mr. Editor, after digesting all this title business, we should not gape when confronted by a little duke of Marlborough, whose escutcheon fits him as well as the paraphernalia of a warhorse fits a jackass. This latest match between the product of American speculation and the product of ancient nobility, so-called, interests us so far only as to its result, which of course is not to our advantage, for it is a drain upon American capital. It is a shipment of gold to England, necessitating a new issue of bonds the interest of which the masses must pay through extraordinary taxation. So this little duke may be considered a public nuisance in the light of his being a party to a gold deal which will result in a special assessment and bond issue. HENRY PALMIERI.

Great Reduction in Time to California.

Once more the Northwestern Line has reduced the time of its trans-continental trains, and the journey from Chicago to California via this popular route is now made in the marvelously short time of three days. Palace drawing-room sleeping cars leave Chicago daily, and run through to San Francisco and Los Angeles without change, and all meals en route are served in dining cars. Daily tourist sleeping car service is also maintained by this line between Chicago and San Francisco and Los Angeles, completely equipped berths in upholstered tourist sleepers being furnished at a cost of only $6 each from Chicago to the Pacific coast. Through trains leave Chicago for California at 6 p.m. and 18:15 p.m. daily, after arrival of trains of connecting lines from the East and South. For detailed information concerning rates, routes, etc., apply to ticket agents of connecting lines or address W. B. Kniskern, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago.

A DAY IN IRELAND.

Four sharp scythes sweeping—in concert keeping
The rich robed meadow's broad bosom o'er;
Four strong men mowing, with bright health glowing—
A long green swath spread each man before;
With sinews springing—my keen blades swinging—
I strode—the fourth man in that blithe band;
As stalk of corn that summer morn,
The scythe felt light in my stalwart hand.

Oh, King of Glory!—How changed my story,
Since, in youth's noontide—long, long ago,
I mowed that meadow—no cloudy shadow
Between my brow and the hot sun's glow;
Fair girls raking the hay—and making
The field resound with their laughter free;
Their voices ringing—than cuckoos' singing,
Made music sweeter, by far to me.

Bees hovered over the honied clover,
Then westward hied upon wings of light;
No use in trying to trace them flying—
One brief low hum and they're out of sight.
On downy thistle bright insects nestle,
Or flutter skyward on painted wings;
At times alighting on flowers inviting—
'Twas pleasant watching the airy things.

From hazel bushes came songs of thrushes
And blackbirds—sweeter than harper's lay;
While high in ether—with sun-tipped feather—
The skylark warbled his anthem gay;
With throats distended, sweet linnets blended
A thousand notes in one glorious chime.
Oh, King Eternal, 'twas life supernal
In beauteous Erin, that pleasant time.

Michael Cavanaugh, the translator of this piece, is at present living in Washington, D.C. Flying from Ireland in '48 he afterwards became private secretary to John O'Mahony. He is the author of many beautiful pieces and has written a history of Thomas Francis Meagher.

GAELIC PROSE.

"Agallamh na Senorach."

(AIR LEANAMHAIN)

Ar feadh a g-cuairt timchioll an oileáin do bhi Naomh Pádraig buadhartha le faitchios go raibh sé ag tabhairt a n-lomarcaidh speis do sgeultaibh Chacilte, agus mar thainig a dhá aingeal coimeudtha chuige, Aibhellán agus Solusbhrethach, d'fhiafruigh sé dhiobh, ar coir dhó i láthair righe neimhe agus talmhan a bheith ag éisteacht le sgeultaibh na Feinne. Freagraid na h-aingil dó, "A naoimh-chléirigh," ar siad, "ni mó ná trian a sgeul innsighid na sean-laeich úd, le dearmaid agus diothchuimhne: agus sgriobhthar leatsa na sgeulta so i d-támhlorgaibh fileadh agus i m-briathraibh ollamhan, óir ba gáirdíughadh do dhrongaibh agus do dheighdhaoinibh deireadh aimsire éisteacht leis na sgeultaibh sin."

Tá go leor filidheachta 'san "Agallamh," agus tá an teanga i n-a bh-full se sgriobhtha i bh-fud nios sine agus a chiall nio- dorcha ná an prós. Athléigheadh i rainn ar an mheid atá curtha síos cheana i b-prós atá 'san g-cuid is mó de'n fhilidheacht so. Mar so ag deireadh gach aithrie cúmhamhail no gaisceamhail fághmaoid, "Is amhlaidh bhi d'á ráth agus do chan an laoidh," &c.

Ag so síos piosa de'n "Agallamh" féin mar tá sé i "Silva Gadelica." Talsbeanaidh sé modh sgriobhtha na Gaedhilge 'san aimsir sin. I 'san g-cuigeadh aois deug. Feicthear nach bh-full mórán deifir eidir teanga na h-aimsire sin agus an tea a láithreach, gidh go saoilfeadh duine ar an g-ceud bhreathnughadh go bh-full, acht an uair cuirtear síos an t-ordúbhughadh agus an t-aná ughadh atá i n-úsáid anois ni'l mórán deifir eile eatorra. Bheirimid an piosa ceadna ins an teanga láithreach.

Tancatar rompa co dún na mbare in adaig sin, ocus adubairt Conall re Cáilte arna márach: ata druim i comfocraib duinn ann so, druim Nair a sinm, ocus atá muc ann ocus ni fhédaid coin nailt dáine ni dí. Do bádassa iá ar Cáilte ocus ro b'fiadhaide mé. ocus cáit a full Donn mac Mórna ar Cáilte. sunn ar Donn. geib th'arma co ndeochmais d'fiadach na muice in lion féinne atám. gluaisit rompa isin anunn ocus atciat in muic ann ocus nái fiacla as gach carpat di. ocus ro scréch in muc ac falcsin na con ocus na fer mór ocus do ghab gráin ocus eagla iatsom roimpi. leacar eadramsa ocus in muic ar Donn. or cuma mo bhetha no mo bás. ascaidh churad chutugi ar Cáilte. ocus do innsaig Donn in muic. ocus ac drut d'n muic chuige tuc Cáilte sádadh sleige tirre co riacht o'n ascaill co araili di co torchair in muc leo fo'n ninnus sin. ocus nir fhédsat a breith as co táinic slóg Conaill ar a cenn. ocus tucad i fiadnaise Chonaill i. is mór in muc ar Conall. is fíor ar Cáilte: is i in muc slangha i ocus is um a leithéit sin tária cocad ocus imresán cloinne Morna ocus cloinne Baeiscne.

(Translation)

Agallamh na Senorach.

[The Colloquy of (or with) the Ancients.]

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

During their circuit of the island Saint Patrick was troubled lest he was giving too much attention to Caeilte's stories, and his two guardian angels, Aibhellan and Solusbhrethach, having appeared to him he inquired of them whether it was proper for him in the sight of the king of heaven and earth to be listening to the stories of the Fianna. The angels answered him. "Holy cleric," said they, "not more than a third part of their stories do those aged warriors tell owing to forgetfulness and lack of memory; and by thee be their stories written on tabular staves of poets and in ollave's words, for to the companies and nobles of the latter time it will be a delight to give ear to these stories."

There is a good deal of poetry in the "Colloquy," and the language in which it is written is far more ancient and its meaning more obscure than the prose. It is for the most part a repetition in verse of what has been already set down in prose. Thus at the conclusion of each mournful or heroic narrative we find, "And in this manner he was speaking, and e sang the lay, etc."

Hereunder is given a piece from the "Colloquy" itself as it is in "Silva Gadelica." It shows the mode of writing Gaelic at that time, to-wit, in the fifteenth century. It will be seen there is not much difference between the language of that time and the present, although at first sight a person would think there is, but when the eclipses and aspirations now in use are put down there is little other difference between them.

They proceeded onward to Dun na m-Bark (the fort of the galleys), that night, and on the morrow Conall said to Caeilte, "There is a ridge close to us here, Druim Nair is its name, and there is a pig there and neither men or hounds are able to overcome her." "I was a day," said Caeilte, "when I was a hunter. And where is Donn, son of Morna," said Caeilte, "Here I am," said Donn. "Take your weapons until we go to the chase of the pig, the number of Fianna that is here of us," said Caeilte. They proceeded across towards the ridge, and they perceived the pig there with nine tusks out of each of her jaws. And the pig screeched on seeing the hounds and the big men, and horror and dread of her seized upon them. "Let it be left between me and the pig," said Donn, "for my life or my death is indifferent to me." "It is a hero's privilege you claim" said Caeilte. Donn then attacked the pig, and on the pig coming close on him Caeilte dealt it a spear-thrust that pierced from the base of one shoulder to the other, so in this manner the pig was slain by them. And they were unable to carry her away until Conall's host came after her, and she was brought into the presence of Conall. "This is a huge swine," said Conall. "True," said Caeilte, "this is the prophylactic pig, and it was in respect to just such another the war and feud arose between Clanna Morna and Clanna Baeiscne.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

IRISH SUNBURST CLUB.

On Thursday evening, Nov. 21, the Irish Sunburst Club held its regular monthly meeting at Unity Hall, No. 77 Thirty-first street, Mr. John J. Sherlock, President, in the chair. The most important matter before the meeting was the proposed amalgamation of the Sunburst and Fireside Clubs, which was unanimously resolved on. The annual election of officers then took place with the following result: M. E. Cassidy, Chicago, president; Miss Katie R. Walsh, Boston, first vice-president; Christie Murray, New York, second vice-president; James Reidy, Limerick, Ireland, third vice-president; Thomas J. Sherlock, Chicago, sessional chairman; Miss Maggie O'Connell, Chicago, treasurer; Miss Helen Dolan, Chicago, lady manager; P. F. Holden, Chicago, secretary.

The officers and members are confident of a brilliant future. The social features of the Sunburst Club and the literary attractions of the Fireside—now one and the same—will be sure to interest the young men and women of the Irish race in its membership. A series of educational lectures, for which the executive committee is now making arrangements, is the particular aim of the club for the present winter.

An interested and enthusiastic participator in the proceedings was Mr. Thomas Concannon, corresponding member from Mexico, who was most warmly greeted. Mr. Concannon was taken to various places of interest in the city by the secretary, Mr. P. F. Holden, and by him introduced to Mr. William Dillon, editor of the *New World*, Mr. John F. Finerty, editor of THE CITIZEN, and Mr. John T. Keating, State President of the A. O. H. An earnest supporter of the old Gaelic tongue, Mr. Concannon, on last Sunday, visited the Philo-Celtic Association and conversed in Gaelic with several of the teachers and pupils. A farewell reception was tendered to him on Sunday evening at the residence of Mr. James McMenamen, No. 3817 Aldine place. Addresses were delivered by Messrs. Sherlock and Holden; Mr. John J. Hanrahan and Miss Aggie Wall sang, and Misses Cassie McMenamen and Nellie Nocten recited. Mr. M. E. Cassidy presided.

The next meeting of the club will be held at the usual place on Thursday evening, Dec. 19. The new president will then deliver his inaugural address. A paper on "The Illustrious Women of Ireland," by Miss Katie R. Walsh, of Boston, will be read.

THERE is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address,

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Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

An Old Nurse for Children.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething should always be used for children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

IRISH NATIONAL ALLIANCE.

How to Form Councils of the Organization That Has Made a Radical New Departure in the Irish Movement for Liberty.

Succinct, but Comprehensive Instructions From the National Headquarters.

CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS.

This organization shall be known by the name and title of the Irish National Alliance.

Its object is to see the independence of Ireland by any means consistent with the laws and usages of civilized nations.

The qualifications for membership shall be good moral character, birth on Irish soil or descent from Irish parentage on either side, and the taking of the following pledge of honor: "I....., hereby pledge my word of honor to aid by every means within my power, in conformity with the constitution and by-laws of the Irish National Alliance, in securing the independence of Ireland."

This organization shall be governed by a president, a vice-president, a treasurer, a secretary and an executive council of nine members, who shall hold office for two years or until their successors are elected and qualified.

A two thirds vote of the executive council shall be necessary to override any act of the President of the National Alliance.

The secretary shall be appointed by the president. All other officers shall be elected by the organization in regular session.

The president, vice-president, and one member of the executive committee, such member to be selected by the executive council, shall be trustees of the funds of the organization.

All authority to organize must come from the national executive.

The initiation fee shall be $1, payable in advance, and 50 cents quarterly dues, commencing three months after date of initiation.

Each local division of the Irish National Alliance shall be known as a council, and it shall be designated by number of charter furnished by the National Executive on payment of the fees called for by the constitution.

Each council shall transmit quarterly to the national treasury 75 per cent. of all moneys received, after deducting legitimate expenses, said expenses to be confined to hall rent and stationery.

IRISH NATIONAL ALLIANCE.

"To whom it may concern: ....., representing not less than ten citizens of Irish birth or descent, having applied for a charter constituting them a Council of the Irish National Alliance, and on consideration thereof, pledge their word of honor, to aid by every means within their power, in conformity with the constitution and by-laws of the Irish National Alliance, in securing the Indepence of Ireland, the said charter is hereby granted under the title of ..... Council of the Irish National Alliance, located at..... and bearing the number..... Dated New York. .....189."

It shall be the duty of the President to preside at all meetings of the Executive Council, and in his absence his place shall be taken by the Vice President.

The Treasurer shall properly account for all moneys received by him and make report of same to the regular convention of the Irish National Alliance.

The secretary shall keep correct minutes of all meetings of the Executive Council and shall also keep a record of the Councils of the Irish National Alliance.

Each Council shall forward to the National Secretary a report after the last meeting in January, April, July and October of each year, showing the numerical strength of such Council, and the amounts received and remitted to the National Treasurer.

State Councils shall have supervision over local Councils within any one State or Territory, and the officers of any such state Council shall be elected by the local Councils, each Council having one vote for every twenty-five members in good standing, and an additional vote for every fractional part of twenty-five, provided such fractional part shall not be less than twelve members.

Municipal Councils, which shall have supervision over districts, may be formed where necessary, and the officers of same shall be elected in the same manner as those of State Councils.

No council shall be regarded as in good standing, that shall have neglected to make its quarterly report, and paid its regular dues to the National Treasurer.

The necessary expenses of State and Municipal Councils shall be met by special assessments on Local Councils in such State or Municipal district.

State, Municipal and Local Councils shall have the right to make their own by-laws, provided that nothing shall be contained therein contrary to the constitution and by-laws of the Irish National Alliance, and to such rules and regulations as from time to time may be enacted by the Executive Council of the Irish National Alliance."

HOW TO FORM COUNCILS.

First let a meeting be held of those desirous of affiliating with the Irish National Alliance. If not already an organized body, let them then proceed to organize themselves as a Council under any name that may be desired, and elect a President, Treasurer, and Secretary. The initiation fee of one dollar per member must be paid in advance, and fifty cents per head at the end of each three months thereafter. Of the monies so received hall rent and stationery shall be deducted, and of the balance 25 per cent shall be retained by the Council and 75 per cent shall be remitted to the National Treasurer, P. V. Fitzpatrick, 154 22nd Street, Chicago. Having complied with these conditions, application for a charter should be made to the National Secretary, John P. Sutton, 51 East 122nd Street, New York, who, on information that the treasurer has received the required remittance, will forward charter in due course. The name and full address of the Presidents of Councils, at least, should be forwarded to the National Secretary. Constitutions will be ready for distribution in a short time.

HEROISM OF A WIDOW.

General Schofield's Recognition of the Bravery of a Southern Woman.

It was on the first and second days of September, 1864, General Hardee of the southern forces, was sent to Jonesboro from Atlanta with 22,000 men to head off a formidable flank movement of the enemy which had for its purpose to cut off southern communication and thereby compel the evacuation of the city of Atlanta. The flank movement consisted of 40,000 or 45,000 men and was commanded chiefly by Major General John M. Schofield, together with General Sedgwick, who was also a corps commander, and consisted of the best fighters of the Federal army.

As the two armies confronted each other two miles to the north and northwest of Jonesboro, it so happened that the little house and farm of a poor old widow was just between the two lines of battle when the conflict opened, and having nowhere to go she was necessarily caught between the fire of the two commanding lines of battle, which were at comparatively close range and doing fierce and deadly work. The house and home of this old lady was soon converted into a federal hospital, and with the varying fortunes she was alternately within the lines of each contending army, when not between them on disputed ground. So the battle raged all day, and the wounded and dying of both armies were carried to the humble shelter of this old lady until her yard and premises were literally strewn with the dead and dying of both armies.

During the whole of this eventful day this good and brave woman, exposed as she was to the incessant showers of shot and shell from both sides, moved fearlessly about among the wounded and dying of both sides alike, and without making the slightest distinction. Finally night closed the scene with General Schofield's army corps in possession of the ground, and when the morning dawned it found this grand old lady still at her post of duty, knowing, too, as she did, the fortunes, or rather misfortunes, of war had stripped her of the last vestige of property she had except her little tract of land which had been laid waste. Now it was that General John M. Schofield, having known of her suffering and destitute condition, sent her under escort and arms a large wagon load of provisions and supplies, and caused his adjutant general to write her a long and touching letter of thanks, and wound up the letter with a special request that she keep it till the war was over and present it to the United States government and they would repay all her losses.

She kept the letter and soon after the southern claims commission was established she brought it to the writer, who presented her claim in due form, and she was awarded about $600—all she claimed, but not being all she lost. That letter is now on file with other proofs of the exact truth of this statement with the files of the southern claims commission at Washington.

Her name was Allie McPeek and she died several years ago.—Atlanta Constitution.

PRIVATE TELEPHONES.

New York Millionaires' Call Numbers Are Not Public Property.

There are some very aristocratic telephone owners in the city, but a study of the telephone directory supplied for the use of the general public does not reveal this fact. This is done purposely. It is no use getting mad if, when you ask for Mr. Crœsus Vanderbilt's telephone number the girl at the other end asks if you don't know it. When you say that you don't know it or try to fool her and say you did have it, but lost the memorandum, she will answer back, "We cannot give you Mr. Crœsus Vanderbilt's house unless you know the number."

The fact of it is the girl would be breaking strict rules of the company if she gave this information. There are a good many millionaires and prominent society families who have telephones in their residences, but they are for private use. Only the friends of the head of the house and a few other persons know the number. The mistress of the mansion leaves the number with her friends, and in exchange receives their numbers. She also leaves her number with the head of the hospital where she happens to be on the managing committee.

This exclusive system is adopted in order that outsiders cannot annoy Mr. Millionaire by ringing him up on the telephone. The men who have telephones put into their palaces do so with the proviso that their names and telephone numbers shall not appear in the directory.—New York World.

Miss Vanderbilt's Retort.

An amusing story about Miss Gertrude Vanderbilt is told by one of her school friends. It happened several years ago, when Miss Vanderbilt was in short dresses, and the desirability of standing well with prominent people had not yet crossed the minds of her schoolmates.

The dispute started over the monthly report book. Miss Vanderbilt's marks were higher than any of the other children's in the group.

"I don't care," exclaimed one of them, "the teachers favor you 'cause you're rich, but my father says your grandfather used to sell matches. There—didn't he?"

And Miss Vanderbilt, who was possessed of rare dignity, held up her curly head a trifle higher and answered quietly:

"I really don't know. But if he did I'm sure they were good matches."—New York Herald.

The Roman Helmet.

The Roman helmet of the average size weighed about two pounds and was thickly lined with felt, so that a severe blow could be borne without serious inconvenience. These helmets were intolerably hot, however, and were never worn during the march or at any time save on parade, sentry or guard duty, or in the immediate presence of the enemy.

HANDSOME PREMIUMS!

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"THE CITIZEN."

THE CITIZEN offers the following premiums to subscribers and organizers of clubs:

To any subscriber, who pays all arrears, and one year in advance and brings in two new paid up subscriptions, either of the following instructive, entertaining and valuable books:

1. "Picturesque Ireland," containing three volumes in one, and including the history, scenery, people, myths and folk-lore; the ancient abbeys, towers, castles and other monastic and attractive features by Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall. This work contains over 500 beautiful engravings, by noted artists, printed on paper made expressly for the book, bound in cloth, with black, gold and silver sides and black.

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3. "Pictorial Wonderland of Painting and Sculpture," from the best galleries of the world, embracing over 200 superb half-tone reproductions of the most famous medieval and modern masterpieces of art; cloth binding.

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6. "The Farmer's Encyclopædia," by Prof. D. Magner, the celebrated horse-tamer and trainer; a book that should be in every farmer's house, containing all about the horse, cattle, sheep, swine, dairying, bee keeping, poultry, the farm, stock diseases, home medicine, the secret of food cooking, etc., etc.; 640 pages, 600 illustrations, cloth binding.

To any Subscriber, who pays all arrears and subscription in advance, and brings in one additional paid up subscriber:

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These two latter valuable household books are especially designed for the ladies.

3. "Barnum's Wild Beasts, Birds and Reptiles of the World," an exceedingly interesting publication, particularly adapted for students and the young; 514 pages, copiously illustrated, cloth binding.

4. "Conquering the Wilderness, or Heroes and Heroines of Pioneer Life and Adventure," by Col. Frank Triplett; 742 pages, illustrated; cloth binding.

5. "Tennyson's Poems," a complete and beautiful edition. Cloth bound.

To any Subscriber who pays all arrears and one year in advance, and who brings in one new paid up subscriber "The Victory Watch," adapted especially for workingmen and persons with small incomes; a perfect time piece. To subscribers not in arrears who pay in advance, and bring in two new subscribers, this offer is also open.

All these offers are open for a reasonable time and advantage should be taken of them at once.

TERMS—The terms of subscription should be borne in mind, so as to avoid confusion. They are as follows: Individual subscriptions, $2.00 each; club subscriptions (not less than five members), $2.00 each. Remittances can be sent by Check, Post-Office Order, Express Order, or Registered Mail. Early attention to this announcement is respectfully requested. Call at THE CITIZEN office and see the splendid premiums we are offering.

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Handel's Obstinacy.

A child's obstinacy does not always bring as fortunate results as was the case with Handel, the great musician. His extraordinary resoluteness as a boy doubtless led to that great success which crowned the later years of his life. When he was some 7 years of age, his father had occasion to visit a son by a former wife, who was valet to the Duke of Saxe Weissenfels. Traveling in those days—200 years ago—was tedious and expensive, and Dr. Handel did not desire to be delayed with the care of an "infant" during a journey which the demands of a responsible profession would probably make as short as possible.

But the future giant of music would go. He cried, bellowed and eventually ran along the road after the vehicle, until the tender feelings of the doctor could refuse no longer. In an evil moment for his jurisprudence scheme he took the child with him.

No sooner did the little fellow reach the ducal residence than he gave rein to his fancy on the keys of every instrument that he found open. The remarkable music that came from the finger tips of the child's hands was soon the object of wonder and conversation throughout the palace, and all this was intensified when he secured an opportunity of touching the keys of the chancel organ within the hearing of the duke.

Such a throb started from that chapel organ when little Handel's tendriled fingers chose the keys, and the soul of the duke was touched as it never had been touched before—truly a momentous occurrence, since but for it Handel's sacred music might never have been written.

The duke's attention having been arrested, he inquired of Dr. Handel concerning the child's future, and eventually succeeded in placing him for three years' study under Zachau, the organist of Halle cathedral. This was the beginning of Handel's musical education.—Youth's Companion.

Wretched London Houses.

The majority of London houses are unfit to live in, quite apart from their defective drainage. About questions of foundations much mere nonsense has been written recently, and all the while death is allowed to be continually active in the roofs. Houses are mostly built with some part of the outer walls but one brick—of nine inches—thick, and workmen's houses, "self contained," are wholly built with merely nine inch work. Yet bricks are seldom made so dense that moisture cannot penetrate a nine inch wall, and 14 inch is the least that should be used for the main walls of dwelling houses. This slight extra thickness and the joint of mortar at a corresponding little extra cost tend to obstruct both heat and cold, both damp and sound.

The heat in summer time and cold in winter never are efficiently excluded by a nine inch, one brick wall, and in the winter freezing outer walls condense the moisture in the rooms, which thus become unwholesome. Roofs are constructed with extreme tenuity; an inch of slate and plaster is the wholly insufficient covering and protection of an average London house. The attics, low pitched and extremely hot or cold, are quite unfit for servants' sleeping rooms. No wonder that so many of these girls are stunted, narrow chested and anæmic and that consumption has become a national disease. The servants sit or work in basement rooms in 70 degrees of heat for several hours, then going up to these cold attics they experience an immediate fall of 35 degrees or even 45 degrees. And in that frost and chill they lie throughout the winter's night, while in the summer the excessive heat is painfully exhausting.—Quarterly Review.

The Royal Stag.

The sun was shining brilliantly as at midsummer, and I knew the snow would speedily disappear off the hills. Punctually at 8 o'clock John made his appearance, and off we started, full of hopeful anticipation. After three-quarters of an hour's climbing we spied the eight pointer with his seraglio of hinds lying on the lee side of a small ridge. Keeping low down to avoid disturbing them, we circled round and continued our ascent toward the summit. Carefully examining every bit of fresh ground as it came in sight, we discovered some hinds in a small corrie about half a mile distant. Expecting to find a stag with them, we advanced cautiously in their direction.

The nature of the ground being favorable, we had no difficulty in crawling within 150 yards of the herd. John was carrying the rifle, in which he had put a couple of cartridges, and left part of the stock sticking out of the cover in order to be ready for any emergency. As we peered over a rocky bowlder there confronted us a scene worthy the brush of a Landseer. A large red stag was standing, with broadside exposed, a little over 100 yards distant. At a glance I observed it was a twelve pointer. Between 40 and 50 hinds were feeding around. These, however, I scarcely noticed, my eyes being riveted on the fat haunches and symmetrical antlers of the "royal" stag.

Without moving my body I mechanically reached forth my hand and seized the rifle. Feeling that John held it firm, I looked round to discover the reason. Still keeping hold of the rifle, he whispered, "It is the reserved stag."—Blackwood's Magazine.

The Verdict.

"Did the jury find the prisoner guilty?" inquired a man concerning a burglar.

"No, sir," responded the policeman. "They didn't find him at all. He got away."—Detroit Free Press.

Only Skin Deep.

"Villain!" she hissed. "Deep dyed villain!" The tattooed man looked hurt. "Indeed, ma'am," said he, "I hasten to assure you that it is only skin deep."—Catholic Mirror.

A PRINCE OF BOHEMIA.

Gives the Human Snowball a Wholesome Object Lesson In Courtesy.

The little French restaurant where this pretty thing happened is so dear to the bohemians who dine there every night that I shall not tell its name or place. Those who frequent it will know, and those who do not know are mostly Philistines, and so unworthy.

They who gather nightly at its little tables are not bohemians of the old sort, long of hair and short of cash, who rendered unto Pabst the things which were Chung Lee's. They are newspaper men and writers of stories, artists and illustrators, contributors to the magazines, an occasional actor or actress, a poet or two and a few architects. All work hard. Some earn good salaries, the majority dress well and judged by the old standards are disgracefully respectable. But when they pass the little wicker door which gives entrance from the dingy street and are greeted by madame's cheerful: "Bon soir, monsieur! Bon soir, madame!" all are on an equal footing. Nothing is required except that one be able to contribute to the general fund of entertainment or information; that he treat his neighbor courteously and pay his "addition."

A score of small tables fill the room, some seating four, some only two, and while most of the habitues know each other there is an unwritten law that none shall seat himself at a table already occupied except after asking and receiving permission from the occupant. This is the golden rule.

Until recently there has been room for all, but the Philistines have found the place, and now every table usually has an occupant by half past 6. So it happened that when the little lady in black and her little mother came in they found no table unoccupied and only one at which room for two could be made.

The little lady in black is a recent comer. She is very shy and very quiet and very attentive to her mother. And the mother! Such a quaint little figure, and such an absurd and old fashioned and impossible costume! She might be Mother Goose herself, or the Old Lady Who Lived In a Shoe, only she never would have "spanked them all soundly and sent them to bed." Her face is too sweet for that.

At the only table where there was room for the two ladies sat a well groomed man, one of the Philistines, "a rank outsider," as the turf editor afterward called him. His face was as large as a prize pumpkin, as flat as a rag doll's, and with all the geniality and winning grace of a snowball.

The two ladies, after looking all about the room, approached his table timidly and said something in a very low tone. The man looked up from his paper with an icy stare and nodded. The ladies slid into their seats in an apologetic way. The man looked furtively around the room to see if any one had noticed the shabby and old fashioned dress of his vis-a-vis. His apprehensions—on his own account entirely—were so evident that several who saw the little comedy smiled. The man called a waitress, said something to her, got up hastily and took a seat at one of the small tables, which had a single occupant. A quick, comprehensive glance passed between mother and daughter, and the young girl turned very red.

Several of the diners had seen the boorish act. A tall, middle aged man left his seat at one of the center tables, which was intended for four, but was then doing duty for six. He stepped over to the table where the two ladies were sitting and bowed. Would the ladies kindly permit him? It was so crowded at the other table, you know. And then he sat down with them and drew them quietly into conversation, as is permitted to gray hairs in a French restaurant. It was noticed that Octavie brought him a quart of ordinaire instead of his usual pint, and that he filled all three glasses. And the five companions whom he had left at the other table, knowing how good a talker he was, how nice a tact he had and how pleasant a faculty of discovering what interested those with whom he came in contact, smiled to see both the little lady in black and her mother grow animated and to hear them laugh occasionally.—New York Herald.

Jockteleg—Jackknife.

In Jamieson's Scottish dictionary, s. v., the definition given is "folding knife," while there is another legend of James VI to the effect that, after going to London, he one day puzzled his courtiers by saying to a stable boy, "Callan, hae, there's thretty pennies, gae wa and buy me a jockteleg," etc. It is further stated, on the authority of Grose's "Provincial Glossary," that "Liege formerly supplied Scotland with cutlery." "Jockteleg" is Allan Ramsay's spelling.

I think the following extract from "Hanley Cross; or, Mr. Jorrocks' Hunt," first edition, page 409, will bear out what Mr. N. Newe says about "jockteleg" being what we, as boys, called a "shut knife:" "Sink ar's left mar Jack-a-legs ahint," says Pigg, wanting to cut off the fox's brush. "Has ony on ye getten a knife?" The cart horsed countryman has one, etc. Here "Jack-a-legs" is evidently "Newcassel" for the further Scotland "jockteleg."

I have always understood that this word was supposed to be a corruption not of "John de Liege," but of Jacques de Liege. In the north of England the form used is "jackaleg," or "jockelegs." The term is used for a large clasped pocketknife. Jamieson's dictionary defines the word as being equivalent to a folding knife.—Notes and Queries.

A Joke.

"We've two baseball nines out at our shirt factory," said the variety comedian last night.

"What do you call 'em?"

"One is named the Shirts and the other the Collars."

"Which side usually wins?"

"Neither, because there is always a tie between 'em."—Philadelphia Call.

AN AMPHIBIOUS CRIMINAL.

His Mysterious Method of Escape Revealed by Accident.

The retired detective said: "One of the hardest chaps to run down I ever came across was one I had something to do with when I was on the London police force, many years ago. He was an all round thief, ready and willing to crib anything he could get his hands on, from a house and lot to a hot stove, and he never let anybody get their hands on him if he could help it, and he always did, while I was on the force. For the five years I was working along the dock district the fellow kept at his work, and we couldn't catch him. One night he cracked a safe and got away with $1,000 or more, and a reward was offered for him. This put us all on our mettle, and I was keen to make a reputation and had everything and everybody spotted.

"Not a hair of him, though, showed for as much as three months, and then one night I flushed him and gave chase. He went for the dock, and I was sure I had him, for there was only one way to get out of that, and that was by the water, and in this particular place he couldn't sneak under the flooring, but had to take to the open water. I wasn't ten yards behind him as he went out the dock on a run, and I saw him go over and heard the splash. It couldn't have been a second till I was in sight of all the water where he went in, but when I got there there wasn't any sign of my man, and the whole place was well lighted with lamps.

"I made a thorough search, going all around under the docks beyond the only place where he could get under, but there wasn't any man there. I was sure then that he had been drowned, and we dragged the place, but could find nothing in the shape of a man, though we did fish out a dead woman, who had evidently been in the water for a month. His body had floated off; that was all there was to it, and we congratulated ourselves on getting rid of him, even if we had lost the reward. However, six weeks later, a detective 'detected' him one night on a boat on the Thames, and just as he was going to take him in he went overboard and disappeared in the dark waters of the river. Every effort was made to find him again, but without success, and this time we were sure he had been drowned.

"For a year afterward nothing was seen of him, and then we heard of him in Liverpool, and one of the Scotland Yarders went there to take him if possible. He spotted him as usual, down about the docks, where he seemed to be careless, and again he took to the water and escaped. By this time we felt that he wasn't born to be drowned and that he would turn up again. He did, several times, and each time he got away. At last, about five years after I had been in America, I received a letter from a friend of mine at Scotland Yard to the effect that the 'water dog,' as we called him, had been captured by an accident. He had been seen near the docks by a roundsman and chased, and as he went toward the water across the dock he tripped on a rope and fell, striking his head on a stanchion, and falling into the water in an unconscious condition. He was fished out and resuscitated, but before they brought him around they discovered his amphibiousness, so to speak. Fastened about his neck was a rubber tube, 10 feet or so long, with a mouthpiece ready handy at one end, and the other end fastened into a small cork float, so that when he went into the water he staid there, either swimming away or holding to a dock pile, but never coming to the surface for air, as he got all he wanted through the tube, with its open end in the float, which wouldn't be noticed one time in a thousand in the dark in such nasty water as is about the docks. Of course they would have got on to him after awhile, but the accidental falling saved time and explained a mystery, which he no doubt guarded sacredly, even from men of his class, for I know none of the thieves we ever caught could give him away."—Washington Star.

A Grafted Snake.

Dr. G. A. Countryman of Mallette, S. D., possesses a combination snake. It is half garter and half sand snake, and this peculiar composition was made possible by a surgical operation performed by the doctor. His attention was directed to snakes from observing that when a snake is killed its tail appears to live until the sun goes down, when life ceases. It is thought by many that this is owing to the nerves, but the doctor was somewhat skeptical on this point. Being a surgeon he dissected several and made some interesting discoveries. He found that in both the sand and garter snakes the spinal column extended little more than half the length of the body. Knowing that it was possible to graft flesh, this led him to chloroform them and try splicing them, making the splice, of course, below the end of the spinal column. He made four unsuccessful attempts, but succeeded in the fifth. The grafted snake he has now is apparently in good health, and the joined parts are perfectly knitted together. Its body is of the sand snake and its tail is a garter snake's.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Tennyson.

That Tennyson hadn't good manners is the contention of Mr. Sherrard, and this young man, in support of his statement, tells the story of a visit paid by his mother in her youth to the laureate's wife. Tennyson came into the room, looked very gloomy and, in fact, snubbed the assembled company, if one may believe Mr. Sherrard.

Commenting on this tale, The New Budget says: "The absurdity of attempting to trick out Tennyson as a drawing room hero is palpable to all who knew him. It is, moreover, a species of fawning upon him which he would have been the first to resent. His manner to men and women was frankly boorish. He did not mean unkindness, but so it was that he protected or merely amused himself."

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St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 99th st; R S, Wm P Doran, 9223 Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James W Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's No. 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 4720 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riedy, 4059 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Graper's hall, 40th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Ashenden, 91 S Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western avs.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 400 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 62 Mohawk st; F S, Jos B Hahn; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 247 Laflin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, E E Foley. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 188 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 103 23rd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 164 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 36 W 13th st; R S Julius Euler, 634 W 15th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Cremin, 772 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Deneen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Canevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 132 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Enlebrecht, 1037 S Leavitt st; F S, J F Malbach; Treas, M Lilly. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 165 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 336 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 31 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 976 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Orchard.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 78 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauler, 485 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Neuses, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schonger. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 575 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 128 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Cybourne ave and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 36—C R, F T Scanlan, 229 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 225 N Marsel st; F S, M Conroy; T, J M Kienke. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael E Dalton, 3800 Kedzie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3728 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Clarisey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cicero court; R S, James D Kendrick, 182 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Bieber; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Thursday at 7:30 in Ruhl's hall, California av and Harvard st.

St Ann's No 39—C R, Thomas A Kenny, 3512 Wentworth av; R S, Wm Cole, 3722 Armour av; F S, Martin J Burs; T, F C Kirwin. Meet 3rd Friday at 3600 Wentworth av.

St Alphonsus No 40—C R, Henry Becking, 1004 Belmont av; R S, Geo F Trossen, 1030 Wolfram st; F S, John W Schmitt; T, L B Schagemann. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesdays in St Alphonsus hall, corner Southport and Oakdale avs.

Laval No 41—C R, Adolph Fournier, 2000 Joseph st; R S, P T Pratte, 2833 Archer av; F S, F DeGuise; T, Joseph Bouffard. Meet in Larney's hall, Western and Archer avs

St Bridget's No 42—C R, John E Long, 2991 Archer av; R S, Thos Duffy, 3540 Ashland av; F S, Thos J Lyons; T, Lawrence Dorsey. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at 3112 Archer av.

St Boniface No 43—C R, Peter Schommer, jr, 102 Cornell st; R S, John Schommer, 266 W Chicago av; F S, Joseph Heilmuth; T, P Mueller Meet 1st and 3d Wednesdays in

Notre Dame No 45—C R, Thomas H Cannon, 421 McMullen No 46—C R, Thomas H Cannon, 421 Oak st; R S, A P Deane, 362 E Division st; F S, M J Lynn; T, John F Coleman. Meet 1st and 3d Mondays in school hall, Cassst and Chicago av

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No. 26 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, stem-wind and set, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour), plain regulator, and all improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid 14k. gold, U. S. assay. It weighs 2 oz., and is a beauty. We save subscribers many dollars, and sell this elegant watch, delivered free, for.....$32.80

GOLD WATCH, OPEN FACE. MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.60.

OFFER NO. 22.

No. 22 is an elegant Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain all the improvements mentioned in No. 26. The case is made by rolling together a sheet of solid gold and another of fine composition metal. The case thus made will wear for years. It looks just like a $100 solid gold watch, and it will bring a handsome sum in cash or exchange. Price, delivered.....$9.60

HUNTING CASE GOLD WATCH. MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $10.80.

OFFER NO. 23.

No. 23 has works like No. 26, and a handsome case made of gold reinforced with composition metel, just like that in No. 22. Price delivered.....$10.80

NICKEL-SILVER WATCH. WALTHAM OR ELGIN, OPEN FACE. MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $5.50.

OFFER NO. 29.

No. 29 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. It has jeweled works, exactly like those mentioned in No. 26, but open face. This watch is a magnificent timekeeper, and the case, while solid and durable, is very handsome. It is composed throughout of solid nickel-silver, not nickel-plate, and it is men's full size. This elegant watch is good for a lifetime of rough wear. It is specially adapted to the use of farmers, planters and all other men of affairs who give a watch hard usage. In looks and timekeeping qualities it is unsurpassed by any watch in this list. We will send this timepiece to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$5.50

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No. 27 is a magnificent Elgin hunting-case watch. It has the very greatest improvements, including the world-renowned cut balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, jeweled balance, quick train, dust band, full plate, etc. The jewels are real precious stones. It has a genuine porcelain dial with either Roman or Arabic figures, and gold hands set with sparkling gems. These hands are made in Europe, by processes yet unattainable in this country. The gems have all the appearance and sparkle of real, genuine diamonds, and in the trade are often sold as diamonds. They are extremely handsome, and give to the watch the appearance of a $100 timepiece. The case is made of solid 14-karat gold in two plates, stiffened between with a sheet of very stiff composition metal. The gold is warranted to last 10 years. The works are good for at least 50 years' wear. We will sell them for $15.50 each as long as they last, which includes free delivery anywhere in the United States.

SOLID SILVER WATCH. HUNTING CASE. MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.

OFFER NO. 18.

No. 18 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case. The works are full-size and they are beautifully jeweled. The case is hunting only. Sent to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for.....$9.75

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OFFER NO. 18½.

No. 18½ is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case, open face. The works are made according to the latest design. This is an open-face watch, and it will prove satisfactory in every instance. Price to subscribers, including free delivery, only.....$9.75

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In solid coin silver case, open face or hunting.....$13.50
In solid nickel silver case, dust proof, open face.....$10.00

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The two following watches compose our new limited offer. This offer is limited in every way. The number of watches we can sell at this price is limited and the time the offer will last is also limited. Also remember that only Waltham and Elgin watches are offered. A gentleman who carries one of these watches asked a friend to guess the price. The friend guessed $100. Every purchaser has three days in which he may submit his watch to experts, and the money will be refunded in full if the watch is not found as guaranteed.

No. 2487 is our greatest bargain for men in many ways, and as we may discontinue it soon, subscribers should order at once. This elegant watch has either Waltham or Elgin works, with seven elegant jewels, compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, plain regulator, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour) and all the greatest improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid gold, 14k. fine, in two plates, between which a thin sheet of very stiff composition metal is placed for the purpose of making the case stronger and giving protection to the works. This watch is sold by watch clubs and installment men for $38, and it is worth it. We have made an immense purchase, and for a short time we will send one to any subscriber, safe delivery prepaid

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ESTATE OF WILLIAM CUMMINGS, DEceased.—All persons having claims against the estate of William Cummings, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of January, A. D. 1896, being the 20th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, November 21, 1895.

EDWARD B. HEALY, Administrator.

David Sullivan, Attorney for Administrator.

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